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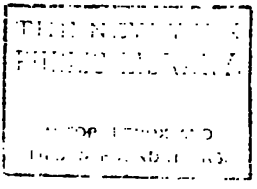

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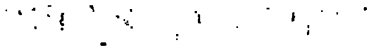

VISIONS AND VOICES

BY

JAMES STAUNTON BABCOCK

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

Page 82, line 3: For *dust* read *dusk*.
" 192, " 10: " *need* " *meed*.
" 116, " 11: " *yeanings* read *yeanlings*.
" 193, " 2: " *Mid* read *Mad*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

JAMES STAUNTON BABCOCK, was born in South Coventry, Connecticut, Nov. 7th, 1815. From his earliest years he discovered a serious and thoughtful turn, and an eager thirst for knowledge. His parents, who were plain but exemplary persons, inspired him both by precept and example with the principles of genuine morality. His father's means and occupation as a farmer, did not permit him to give an education to his son of that extent and elegance which his genius seemed to demand. Necessity compelled the young man to learn the occupation of his parents, and his opportunities for reading were few and brief; nor was there, for his encouragement, a single learned or literary person in the circle of his acquaintance. The instinct of his nature, however, impelled him to improve to the utmost every trifling advantage; nor did he suffer any book, paper, or pamphlet that accident threw in his way, to leave his hands without a thorough perusal. Even almanacs and old newspapers were laid by to be perused at the first respite from toil; and once read, so excellent

was his memory, they were his in substance, and a great part often in the very words. He indulged but seldom in the common recreations of his equals, and then only in such games as require manly vigor and skill, displaying in these an uncommon power and aptitude; but after a few efforts, as if satisfied with having shown his ability and companionable spirit, he would retire abruptly, and fall to reading, or meditation.

Through the serious and always weighty substance of his thoughts, there gleamed a vein of the finest and most humane humor, which, to those who could appreciate him, gave his conversation an uncommon charm. His turn toward wit and humor discovered itself in his choice of reading, which showed a preference for the marvellous, the humorous, and the uncommon. At the age of twelve years he had already collected and sewed into a volume, an hundred old almanacs, all of different dates, and had filled several large scrap books with curious and valuable pieces of prose and verse.

His inclinations led him early to history, and in this his acquisitions were great and remarkable. They evinced a breadth of apprehension and a sympathy with humanity, that foreshowed the philosopher and philanthropist of future years.

In the discussion of general topics of morality, there were few who equalled him. Even at the age of twelve years, his reasonings were clear, concise and logical, and when interested and excited, even

forcible and eloquent. His love of truth never suffered him to indulge an instant in a sophistry, nor could any one detect the same more readily in others. Amiability and a high self-respect, prevented his indulging in satire, which nevertheless he thoroughly understood, and could employ, if driven to it, with surprising power.

Very early in life, he suffered a severe injury by the passage of the wheels of a wagon over his head and body, of which he continued to suffer the consequences until his twenty-second year. The features of his face were crushed, and he was taken up to all appearance dead. This was in his second year; but it was the will of providence that his life should be spared, and himself become an example of virtue, and a consolation to all who knew and could revere his character. His mental precocity was in nothing more remarkable than in his perfect recollection of the circumstances of this accident.

In his fifteenth year, the death of his father, and the dependence of a mother and her three younger children, threw upon him the responsibilities of a man; nor did he fail to meet the duties of this new and difficult position with a manly and serious spirit. Though young in years he was strong in mind. Without procrastination or despondency, he engaged in every duty with a surprising cheerfulness, and accomplished astonishing tasks. By diligence, providence, and care, he not only supported himself and his mother's family, but within three years' time, repaired the

homestead at a cost of one hundred dollars, and paid a debt of a thousand dollars; leaving the family and farm clear of debts and incumbrances. For a youth not yet twenty, without experience of the world, and in narrow circumstances, such evidence of forecast, practical skill and prudence, is certainly of most rare occurrence.

In the eighteenth year of his age, having now placed himself and his family in a situation of comparative ease, he was invited by an uncle, Mr. Christopher G. Babcock, to take the situation of a clerk in his store, in Franklin County, Virginia. Being on a journey of business, this gentleman fell ill of small pox. On hearing of his uncle's condition, without a moment's delay, the nephew mounted his horse, and rode off at night, and in the course of one day's journey swam two rivers, one of them at a perilous rapid, and, disregarding the danger of contagion, and the warnings of the attendants, who represented to him the uselessness of exposing his life in the service of one for whom there was no hope, he gave himself entirely to the care of his uncle. To see one whom he loved and respected perish alone among strangers, was more than his generous nature could bear. He remained by his bed-side to the last, and rendered all the services demanded in such an extremity. The natural consequences followed this act of devotion. He fell violently ill of small pox. His constitution had not been prepared against the disease by vaccination, and again the independence of his character

showed itself. He prescribed for himself, and with the aid of a faithful nurse, went safely through a violent attack without the help of a physician.

Soon after this accident he returned to the North, and prepared himself to enter college. Being already master of the studies of a common education, mature in intellect, and disciplined to habits of industry, Mr. Babcock acquired in less than a year, an amount of knowledge of the classics and mathematics which less vigorous intellects would be satisfied to have gained in three or four years. He entered the Sophomore class of Yale College, in the fall of 1837. In Greek he had no superior, and in all other studies of the course he discovered great aptitude and discipline of intellect. College honors were no temptation to his elevated and truly ambitious spirit, and his leisure was consequently devoted to an extended and thorough course of reading, which he continued in after years, and made to include all the best authors in English, Greek and Latin. His reading was immense and extraordinary. A student more thoroughly acquainted with English letters has probably never graduated at that University.

Soon after graduating, viz. in the fall of 1840, he left home for the South, chiefly with a view of benefiting his health, already seriously impaired by study. He took up his residence in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and continued there about two years and a half as the teacher of a select school. Here, besides gaining an extended knowledge of the practical world, which

such an occupation in such a locality is sure to bring, and securing the esteem and liberal patronage of many friends, it is believed that his residence here was highly favorable to his intellectual and moral development. The freedom and unreserve characteristic of southern society, with the intervals of leisure which separate their daily tasks, unlike the continuous industry of New England, and which is typified by the wide uncultivated spaces separating and surrounding each planter's home, are specially congenial to the growth of a reflective and independent spirit; and from what appears in the productions of his mind at this period, it is evident that these advantages were not lost. Just before he left Tuscaloosa, he delivered a course of lectures connected with the subject of education, which elicited the surprise and admiration of all who heard them. These lectures were entitled "Truth Searching;" and the principal topics embraced in them were—the nature of Truth; the conditions and method of seeking it; and the various hindrances which lie in the way of its attainment. This grand and comprehensive field was surveyed from a philosophic or reflective point of view, and the whole was evidently a transcript from his own intellectual experience. Being hastily written in a somewhat loose and unfinished style, adapted to a popular audience, they were deemed by him unworthy of publication, or even of revision.

He returned home to New England in June, 1843, with his health greatly improved, and with the devo-

tion of a lover returning to the object of his passion, threw himself anew into his favorite studies. After spending a few months among his friends at Coventry, he went to New Haven to continue the course of study he had marked out for himself, and for which only a university could supply the means. In connexion with general literature and the modern languages, he took up also the studies of Law and Medicine, not, as he said, with a view of practicing either, but because he considered a knowledge of them necessary to a perfect education. His views of a professional life were anything but mercenary or even common. Knowledge to him was truly an end rather than a means; and he could hardly tolerate the idea of pursuing any branch of science for the sake of getting a livelihood. He once expressed to a friend his regret that there were in this country no genuine scholars like Coleridge, who pursued thought as a profession, in that wide circle including science, literature, philosophy and theology. His own comprehensive mental tendencies evidently showed that nothing short of this could satisfy the demands of his own mind. There was one department, however, of this circle, if it be not in truth its center, which more and more attracted him by its lofty and infinite relations, and which, had life been granted him, would doubtless have proved itself practically as the calling of his life,—that of Divinity.

But the mind which thus essayed the infinite ascent before it, had not estimated the strength of its finite

and already exhausted ally. His body, though naturally strong and robust, could not long hold out under the demands of such a spirit; and he was obliged, after residing about eighteen months in New Haven, to return home and place himself under the care of a physician. Though seemingly aware of the nature and cause of his physical failure, and notwithstanding the serious and repeated remonstrances of his friends, he could not be induced utterly to abandon his intellectual pursuits, since, as he said, they had become a necessary element of his life, and that he *must* not at once and entirely forego them, even to prolong the life of his body. With that insatiable craving for truth which pursued him as a passion, he persisted thus until the fall of 1845, when his disease had so far prevailed over his mind, that the sight of a book, or hearing one read, would almost distract him. After trying in vain the effects of a short residence among some friends near the sea shore in Westerly, R. I., he returned home, to forget his own condition in performing the last offices of affection to a beloved parent. His mother, whose strong mental character and appreciating fondness had, perhaps more than all other influences, fostered his own intellectual growth, died in December of this year, after a long and painful illness. This event, though not unexpected, quite overcome him in his enfeebled state, and relaxed the few remaining ties that fettered his spirit to the earth. He had previously lost by death two sisters; one only

about six months before, the other during his residence at the South.

During this winter he followed in a limited way the treatment of water-cure, in which he professed much faith; and the following summer, by the advice of friends, he went to Brattleboro, Vt., and placed himself for three months under the medical care of Dr. Wesselhoeft, but without essential benefit. The fine autumnal weather after his return seemed to revive and rally his failing strength; and late in October he left home for the last time, in company with his sister, to visit some friends in Duchess and Columbia Counties, N. Y. This journey and absence, which occupied about a month, gave him much pleasure and but little fatigue. But after his return home, and with the approach of winter, the disease, which had long lain concealed under the form of a nervous dyspepsia, now betrayed itself as consumption, by a settled cough and other unmistakable symptoms of that insidious and fatal malady.

He continued to fail rapidly till the thirteenth of April, 1847, at about nine in the morning, when he expired—gently and almost imperceptibly, as if falling asleep;

"Calmly as to a night's repose, like flowers at set of sun."

His reason and consciousness were continued perfectly to the last, and his parting words, addressed to his brother and only surviving sister, were of heaven and eternal things. His patience, cheerfulness, and

Christian resignation, throughout his long and severe sufferings were unbroken, and his only regret on leaving the world was that he might not live to complete one or two of the many plans he had devised and begun for the good of mankind.

This brief biographical outline, it is felt, affords a very imperfect idea of the man whose earthly life and history was thus prematurely terminated. The true biography of persons like the subject of this sketch is unfolded within, and recorded in the thoughts, feelings and experiences of the mind, rather than in outward events. What Mr. Babcock was in his moral and social character, is known to the few hearts that were permitted to hold daily and intimate intercourse with him; and the veil which guards his memory in these—the best shrine of departed worth—is too sacred to be here withdrawn. His disposition was marked by that retiring modesty and reserve peculiar to a delicate and sensitive mind, so that he rarely unfolded himself except to his most intimate friends. This, united as it was with a rare greatness and independence of spirit which held aloof all alien spirits, rendered his character one that was little understood out of his own immediate circle.

What he was as a scholar and thinker he did not live to demonstrate to the world. But as the nature of plants and animals may be learned from their innate tendencies as well as from their completed growth and history, so we may get some idea of what

Mr. B. would have been in this respect from his wide intellectual tendencies, and from what he aimed to do rather than what he actually accomplished.

Among other things, he contemplated and had indeed commenced the work of a life-time; viz. the preparation of a complete Etymological Dictionary. This was to contain, first, the *primitive* meaning of every word in the English language, with the original foreign root whence it was derived; secondly, its various *secondary* meanings with the history and mode of transition as far as could be ascertained; thirdly, all the *synonyms* of the language etymologically and historically traced, with the various shades of meaning accurately distinguished and illustrated by examples from classic authors.

This vast undertaking, had he lived to complete it according to his original design, would have given to the world a work immensely needed and of incalculable value; and few men perhaps have lived, on the whole better qualified to undertake and accomplish it. As a Greek and Latin scholar he had few if any superiors. Besides the English, (ancient and modern,) he was more or less thoroughly acquainted with the Saxon, Celtic, Gælic, German, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Spanish and Hebrew languages. He had also commenced and made some progress in the Syriac, Arabic, Chaldaic and Chinese. His habits of study and mental application, as may be inferred, were uncommonly rigid. Self-reliance, devotion and indomitable perseverance were not less conspicuous in his

intellectual than his moral character, and nothing could hold him back from any mental pursuit till its end was attained. These qualities, so essential yet perilous to the scholar who would accomplish aught worthy of himself and his age, were, in one sense, the prime cause of his premature death: a sad and significant fact, yet not the first in the history of mind, which it were well to ponder.

What Mr. Babcock was as a poet may be learned from the productions herewith published. With regard to these however, it is important to consider that they exhibit only one aspect of his mind, and that an imperfect one. Most of them were hastily thrown off, and left without that revision which a maturer judgment and a more prudent regard for personal fame would have supplied. They are given to the public by his own dying and reluctant consent, and in accordance with the wishes of his few surviving friends, as fragmentary and broken symbols of a mind whose yearnings after the beautiful and the true, as here recorded, prevailed only by bursting the golden vase and snapping the silver cord, which withheld the idea from the reality.

It is perhaps impossible to gather from anything which remains of Mr. B's writings, a perfectly correct estimate of his intellectual character. His mind was of that intuitive and spontaneous order which shows itself most truly when least conscious of effort and premeditation; when drawn out occasionally, in the freedom of social and unrestrained conversation.

His conversational powers were indeed remarkable, engaging all who had sympathy enough to elicit them, with the sweet, continuous and ever accumulating flow of his ideas. In this respect he might be compared, if the comparison would not seem audacious, with one of the most wonderful of modern poets and thinkers, Coleridge, whom he strongly resembled in the cast and quality of his mind, and who next to Shakspeare was his favorite author. Like him he viewed all things through a spiritual medium; the reflection or emanation, the poet would say, of the spirit within, but quite as truly, perhaps, the *real* irradiation of the Spirit without, which only the spiritual mind can discern. The ideal world with its inspirations of love, of truth and of beauty, was not a remote realm separated from the here and now, a play-ground of the fancy into which he occasionally sallied to relax and recreate his spirit, but the world in which he truly lived and wrought, and in whose light and air the actual world was evermore bathed. He had a sympathizing fondness for the writings of Mrs. Child, and her charming "Letters from New-York," read to him by his sister during the long winter evenings, a few weeks before his death, contributed greatly to his delight. This delight was increased by his finding so close a correspondence between many of the ideas here so beautifully expressed and those he had habitually entertained and discoursed of to his friends, during the last three or four years of his life.

His religious character corresponded with the elevation and comprehensiveness of his mind. Without publicly professing his religion, he yet manifested its reality in a life and spirit constantly actuated by strict Christian principles. His views on religious subjects were in the truest sense enlightened, comprehensive and liberal. He was too much of a thinker to be a dogmatist; too catholic to accept or impose mere opinion for faith, or make the forms of the understanding the measure and test of piety in the heart; at the same time too conscientious and wise to be indifferent to truth, least of all religious truth. He was an ardent admirer of the late Dr. Channing, and had read with pleasure and profit the writings of Swedenborg, but he could not be said to have adopted the faith of either. His love of the Scriptures was supreme over every thing derived therefrom, and grew with him to the last. These 'living oracles,' read without note or comment, were his constant companions during the last months of his life on earth, and by their guiding light, received in the simplicity of faith, it is believed, he saw and shaped his departure into the 'life everlasting.'

One regret was expressed by him during his last illness, which, echoed as it is by all who know its import by realizing his worth, may be regarded as a voice of warning addressed to all sons of genius who may come after him. He lamented when it was too late the infatuation which led him in the ardor of his intellectual pursuits to disregard the premonitions of

disease, and to indulge the cravings of the mind at the expense of the body, and so of life. *He feared he had done wrong* by this fatal transgression of the divinely appointed laws of human existence; a wrong, alas! which he could not repair, and which the world is again left to mourn over. It is a wise and true faith that in every event some moral truth or lesson is conveyed. If the import and effect of this one more sacrifice to intellectual passion shall be to convince scholars of the *duty* of recognizing the existence and attending to the health of the *body*, there will be fewer victims, and more masters, of the too often fatal gift of genius.

The prose writings of Mr. Babcock, of which he left many scattered manuscripts, are mostly unfinished fragments or 'studies' of thought, on literary and philosophical subjects. A few of these are given at the end of the volume, as specimens merely of his habit and tone of thinking.

In person Mr. Babcock was five feet ten inches in height, with a straight and well proportioned figure, a complexion naturally fair, but which in later years became

'Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

He had light brown hair, grey hazel eyes deeply set, and at times intensely expressive, a slightly aquiline nose, and a remarkably high expansive forehead.

His age at the time of his death was thirty-one years and five months—a life short indeed if measured by the number of its days, but if measured by

thoughts and feelings, and the progress of the mind in wisdom, he may truly be said to have lived long. He died in the maturity of his strength, just as he was about to reap the first fruits of his mild and assiduously cultivated genius; too early perhaps for fame, too early for the age he might have adorned, but not too early for the higher and serener career of progress on which he has already entered. His harvest is not temporal but eternal.—REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The one to whose fraternal fidelity the task of editing this volume was intrusted, and from whose memorials the foregoing sketch is compiled, before completing the duty assigned him by his brother, has been called to follow him into the grave. The only surviving sister, the last of a family of seven, yet lingers behind; and while waiting her turn to join those who have fallen one by one around her, sends forth this final memorial as a sacred duty which she owes to the beloved dead, and the discharge of which is almost the only tie that binds her to the living. A just regard for the claims of private affection seems to require some brief supplementary notice of the brother whose memory is thus sacredly and inseparably blended with that of the other.

CHARLES JOSEPH BABCOCK was younger than his brother by three years, being born on the 25th of March, 1819; and remained without those advantages of a liberal education which the elder achieved. Of

an open, confiding and affectionate temper, he early attached himself, mind and heart, to the guiding genius of his brother, who as we have seen, from his fifteenth year supplied the place of father and guardian to the family.

Under this genial influence, and encouraged if not inspired by his example, he soon manifested a strong passion for intellectual pursuits, and a decided poetical tendency. The character and extent of his reading, and the specimens of his poetry which remain, indicate a literary taste and capacity far beyond his meager educational advantages, and which, under more favorable auspices, might have ripened into results worthy of a permanent fame. The cast of his mind was less purely intellectual than that of his brother; and there is mingled in his effusions a deeper tone of practical sentiment—that quality which springs from subjective feeling rather than the objective and creative imagination. His character also was naturally more social, cheerful and communicative; possessing more in common with his kind, and therefore more easily read and appreciated.

His brief history is soon told, and in many respects is almost the counterpart of that of his brother.

During the most of his life he remained at home engaged in those manual employments which his situation devolved upon him; assiduously improving meanwhile the scanty opportunities of intellectual improvement which he could save or achieve from the daily routine of agricultural toil. He was thus in a

truer sense even than his brother, self-educated, and that to a degree which many do not attain by passing through high literary institutions. For the last three or four years of his life he devoted his leisure seasons to the business of teaching: and he was engaged in this employment till a few weeks before his death. The loss of a mother, two sisters and his only brother, in quick and sad succession—the last bereavement the sorest of all—quickened, by the piercing grief they occasioned, the seeds of consumption already sown or hereditary in his system; and he survived his brother but a little more than a year. He died at Westerly, R. I., on the 10th of July, 1848, aged 29.

As none of the poetical productions of the younger would appear to much advantage beside those of the elder, a single specimen only is subjoined, which, both for its subject, and the earnest pathos and spontaneous simplicity of its style, may appropriately close this imperfect sketch.

A LAMENT.

BY C. J. BABCOCK.

Thou art cold in death, my brother,
My loved, my only one!
And oh! for me no other
Can do as thou hast done.

Known but to be beloved,
Best loved where known the best;
A star of light that moved
Serenely to its rest.

Thy soul seemed ever teeming
With thoughts and truths sublime;
A light upon thee gleaming
Beyond the fields of Time.

When weary oft and fainting
Along life's rugged road,
Of higher things acquainting
Thy words new strength bestowed.

No more I'll know thy teaching,
Nor hear thy thrilling voice,
Which to my soul deep reaching
Would make it all rejoice.

Closed are those eyes forever,
And stilled that faithful breast;
But lovelier wast thou never
Than now in lasting rest!

I know 'tis wrong to mourn thee,
Thou heavenly spirit flown!
But oh! I'm very lonely;
For thou wast all mine own.

I stand and still keep gazing
Upon that marble brow,
Where mind its mansion raising,
Shone forth—Where is it now?

In higher, purer dwelling,
A glorious, heavenly sphere,
Thee angels now are telling
Truths all undreamed of here.

One last fond look ere leaving,
And the earth is o'er thee thrown;
'Tis done—and, deeply grieving,
I feel I'm now ALONE!

The following Communication, written by a classmate and intimate friend of Mr. Babcock, and his associate in Tuscaloosa, was published in the "Independent Monitor," a paper of that City, soon after his death. It is appended as supplying some interesting details and a partial filling up to the outline already given.

To the Editor of the Monitor.

You have doubtless, in common with others, been grieved to hear of the death of our mutual friend, JAMES S. BABCOCK. During his residence of several years in Tuscaloosa, Mr. B. made many acquaintances and friends who would naturally wish to hear something of him since he left us. He died in his native town of Coventry, Conn., on the 13th day of last April, of the disease with which he had been long threatened. Supposing a residence in the south had so far removed a predisposition to consumption as to render his return home safe, he ventured to return in the year 1843, and it is probable he would have regained his health entirely, could he have denied himself all intercourse with books. In his senior year in college, (1840,) he had left his class, never, as was then supposed, to return; but relaxation restored his health, and he was able to graduate that year.

Our friend died a martyr to study, and to his intense intellectual habits. He was a purely intellectual character. All his pursuits and pleasures were *mental*. He had made greater attainments, acquired more various know-

ledge, and had a more insatiable thirst for knowledge than any young man I ever knew. He was an entire devotee to science and letters, an ardent student of history, and an especial enthusiast in the literature of the Germans. He was as much enamored of philosophy as of poetry; sometimes giving himself over to the fascinating power of the Muses, and sometimes entirely engrossed in the subtilties of metaphysics.

Having been an intimate friend of the subject of this sketch, and knowing him to have been what has been described, and much more—for to these he added the best qualities of the heart—the writer hereof desires not only to be indulged in the partiality of a friend, but to pay a tribute to a somewhat rare character, an original thinker, and a man of genius. His inability to do justice to such a character will be overlooked by those friends and admirers of Mr. Babcock, who, fully appreciating, will understand the difficulty and delicacy of the task.

While he resided in our city, he passed but little of his time in general society. He was of a peculiarly retiring and modest disposition, and though possessed of fine social qualities, he was fond of solitude. In those intimate circles where best known and appreciated, not only in Tuscaloosa, but elsewhere, he was looked upon as a young man of much promise, and as destined to become eminent in the world. His friends were accustomed to speak of him not so much as a man of talents, or of extensive attainments, but as one peculiarly gifted and endowed with fine and rare qualities and powers, such as might fit him to shine in certain fields of literary labor, hitherto new and unex-

plored, at least, in our country—to attempt things untried. All will remember the astonishment he created by the lectures he delivered just on the eve of his departure from Tuscaloosa. But those who knew him more intimately were not surprised. It was a wonder that such a man could live contentedly, so long in one place, without developing himself. Many could not understand how a man of such rare mind, such power, such varied scholarship, so teeming with great and noble thoughts, and such glowing, burning words of eloquence, could pass quietly among us, from day to day, for years, with no ambitious endeavors to see his own superiority recognized. Our deceased friend felt and philosophized upon all this. As much as he valued true appreciation, he cared not for ephemeral fame. He often, with his intimate friends, spoke of himself as having ceased to be ambitious, and although but about thirty years of age when he died, he used to date the ambitious period of his life ten years previous, which itself is evidence that he had lived faster and to more purpose than most men, young or old, and had reflected much upon the hollowness and insufficiency of earthly greatness. The lectures above named he delivered less from choice than a sense of duty, and to gratify a few friends. He chose a theme of the loftiest character—"Truth-seeking," and it will be remembered that the lectures were characterized for their high moral tone, their pure, patriotic, and philanthropic sentiments. But splendid as the effort was, he was dissatisfied with it. He had the highest standard for himself, and seemed to scorn all common efforts. You could not criticise him with more severity than he did himself, and

he had a very humble opinion of his own productions, and yet, with a sufficiently vivid impression of the arduous task of producing what may live after us, his highest aspiration, doubtless, was to become the author of such a creation, a poem. It is probable he was laboriug to fit himself for such a work, as the one great labor of his life. His career is now cut short, and his earthly work, for wise purposes, is finished.

Mr. Babcock has left many fugitive pieces of poetry, some of which, exquisitely chaste and beautiful, have been published in the 'American Review,' since his death. The Editor, Mr. Colton, who was his intimate friend and class-mate, and who alas! died also in the last month, prefacing certain of his poems, himself a poet, speaks thus of his brother minstrel.

"The qualities of his poems are peculiar. They are built somewhat upon antique models, and seem also to have been affected in a measure by the author's German studies; but their eminent simplicity and truthfulness will command attention in an age whose poetry, like its social morality, is growing to be artificial, shallow, and false in sentiment." The following is one among the poems referred to:

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

'Twas a wise faith, meet and touching,
Of the manly Northern Mind,
That, in Heaven, to little children,
Is the fitting task assigned,

Still to scatter the young blossoms
Over earth, by every thing,
As the spring's returning season
Comes with beauteous visiting.

Stooping light from flowery pathways,
Strewed they hill and mead and plain—
Soft and guileless, as the sun-clouds
Shed their offerings of rain.

And to all men toiling under,
Welcome came their gifts of love;
For like birds from sky-ward singing,
Brought they tidings from above—

Gladdening Earth with blessed foretaste,
As her mortal hours went by,
Of that Land where flowers, unfading,
Spring and bloom immortally.

Having been favored with the perusal of several letters from Mr. Babcock, written back to Tuscaloosa after he left us, and having obtained permission to make extracts therefrom, I cheerfully embrace the opportunity of so doing. All his correspondence is exceedingly interesting, and far more worthy of publication, together with his various miscellaneous writings, than much which the partiality of friends too often gives to the public. Our friend had an eye for nature, and indeed for whatever is to be seen by the traveler, and, as will appear, he had a disposition to appropriate all he saw. To pass over a most entertaining epistle, describing his northward tour in the summer of 1843, via Mobile, New Orleans, the Mississippi, the lakes, and eastward, in which he descants of a thousand

things which ordinary tourists might have deemed unworthy of notice, the following is selected, written at home, Coventry, Conn., Oct. 14, 1843. It speaks for itself as the index of a busy mind, and an ever teeming imagination.

"After a long delay I again take up the pen. I have just returned from a coasting voyage, not by water, but on the land, along the water, from Stonington, 'even unto' Boston, and 'the region round about,' making my tour on horseback. My object was more for curiosity than visiting. I visited the sites of some of the scenes of Indian history and warfare, the two Pequod forts, one the seat of their great Sachem Sassacus, the other where their power was crushed under Capt. Mason, both in the town of Groton, where the Groton Monument was lately erected over the Mohegan Chief Uncas, and where the great fight with the Narragansetts took place.

"I visited the Dighton Rock and the so called 'Old Mill,' the supposed remaining memorials of the Northmen, the first discoverers and colonists of our country. They are supposed, and the supposition rests on veritable ancient records in MSS., to have found the coast and made settlements on the lands of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, about the year one thousand, under Thornfins, which name, in Runic letters, I think, can be pretty clearly made out on the Dighton Rock. A skeleton in armor was dug up near Fall river a few years ago, evidently not an Indian, which I was curious to see, but unfortunately it was burned up, with a whole museum of Indian and other antiquities, in the late fire at Fall River, (July 4th,) an irre-

parable loss to our country and history! If you ever take the trouble to read the great work of the Copenhagen Antiquarian Society, 'American Antiquities in Danish and Latin,' by Prof. Rafn, or the critique of it, 'the Northmen in New England,' by J. T. Smith, or even a review of said work by Everett in the North American Review, you will see the subject discussed with great learning and logic. Longfellow, you know, has written a ballad, 'The Skeleton in Armor.' Mount Hope, King Philip's seat, is worth a long journey to see. I went to Plymouth, the old Rock where our fathers and mothers planted their first footsteps. Part of the top of this rock has been broken off, and is now to be seen enclosed in a neat iron railing, with a green yard, in front of a newly erected building, 'Pilgrim's Hall,' the object of which structure is to commemorate the event. Within are deposited various relics and memorials, a library of some antique and rare books, old pamphlets and papers, besides several portraits of some of the distinguished personages of those old days—the Winthrops, and Carvers, and Standishes, but above all, in the front hall is a very large painting, representing the Landing Scene—admirable! The snowy base, dry, broken-limbed trees, the icicled rocks, the little boys and girls, well muffled and cloaked and *mittened*, yet *drawn up* and shivering and blowing their fingers; the manly, heroic forms of Winthrop and Standish, holding conference in the foreground with one or two Indians; the half wondering, half shrinking gazes of the little ones at those strange forms, on a strange shore; the lovely and frail female forms as they look on, leaning in pensive trust and

resignation on the sturdy shoulders of their protectors, seeming to *utter in thought*, through all hardships and dangers, where *these* are, there is *home!* But I can go no farther in describing what might task a connoisseur and ask a volume. I went into the Boston cemetery, Mount Auburn, worth almost all to be seen, save the Boston Monument, which last is built of Quincy granite, fifty feet square at base, tapering gently to the top, two hundred and twenty feet; a plain shaft!' as said Mr. Webster in his speech last June, and the *way* he brought out those two short simple words, is said to have been astonishing, electrifying, mightily sublime. At Cambridge I visited the Law and University libraries; something above old Yale, and always will be so long as Boston spirit and wealth remain proverbial.

"I am now at home, dipping somewhat into German and reading Shaftsbury. I intend spending the winter in New Haven, studying general literature and the modern languages. I should like Tuscaloosa better than any place in the United States I know of, take it all in all, but for one thing, the dearth of books."

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In a letter from New Haven, dated January 17, 1843, he writes: "I have just arrived here and got settled, and shall remain three or four months, perhaps all next summer. Among other things I shall study law, not with a view to practice it, but because it is *necessary to a perfect education.* I have been a student-slave for these six or seven

years, and a teacher-slave some three years, now I mean to be a free man for this one year at least."

Notwithstanding these resolutions of freedom, his subsequent letters show that he continued to be as much a 'slave' to study as ever, and his health was evidently suffering from it, though slow to acknowledge it to himself or others. In April of the same year he writes from the same place: "The spring has come in earnest; birds singing, frogs piping, and skies smiling. I wish I felt better to enjoy it all. I have studied a good deal this winter, a good deal too much for my health, and am going home to recruit. You in the 'Sunny South,' have had spring for a long while. I have strolled up East Rock to read Shakspeare under the pines, and anticipate much pleasure in doing the same this summer.

"Shakspeare grows with me every year. I have read about all our old tragedies, and have yet a still higher idea of Shakspeare from the almost immeasurable distance he leaves them behind. I have been reading the German dramatists,—Goethe and Schiller. Wallenstein of the latter and Shelley's Cenci, are the greatest dramas since Shakspeare. Wallenstein is one of the grandest things of human genius. But there is comparatively little invention in it. The materials were ready rough hewn to the artist's hand, and the hero one of the most dramatic in history. You have read Schiller's thirty years war. Did you ever read Carlyle's life of Schiller? If not you have a treat in store. Schiller! the high minded noble artist, and a self-martyr to poetry. I might tell you of a thousand matters

of interest here. We had a fine concert last night, the Hutchinson family performers, 'real Yankee singers from the old Granite State.' They sing again to-night; to-morrow, Junior exhibition, and the Philadelphia brass band, who perform also next Tuesday night, so that between that and the Hutchinsons, we shall be as vocal here in the 'city of elms,' as a nest of nightingales."

It would be easy to multiply quotations from his letters, of equal interest and beauty to these. One could not go amiss in making extracts, for all he wrote was in the same tone and style, sometimes, indeed, playful and humorous, generally grave, always useful, and for the most part, upon the most serious and important subjects. He always shows a deep interest in his Tuscaloosa friends and acquaintances, mentioning many of them by name, inquiring of their welfare, and speaking kindly of all. He loved to hear of their prosperity, and was distressed at the adversity of any. To learn the death of any one of them was very painful to him. On one occasion he says:

"I am very sorry to hear of the death of Professor Sims. He was a particular friend of mine. No doubt he shortened his days by study. Last spring I met him while on his northern tour. * * So he has passed and we are passing all—like flowers we wither and like leaves we fall; and we do not, DO NOT, lay the solemn lesson enough to heart. I was also grieved to hear of the untimely death of Miss B. . ." In another letter dated July 4th, 1845, he thus laments the death of another friend:

"It grieves me deeply to learn the death of young Porter, another of my Tuscaloosa friends. He is another victim, poor Joseph! to too much study, too much 'plodding and poring study,' as a great many others have done, and *will* do." The rest of the same letter is in a melancholy strain.

"My health is extremely delicate. I may not live to see another summer, though there may be many seasons yet in store for me. My case must soon take a turn. I am shortly going to the sea-side. I feel some renewed energy from the glorious morn of this glorious anniversary. You have health. Health! the blessing I have lost! perhaps forever, in this world. But to know that those I esteem and love have that which I lack, half makes up my loss. A true knowledge of this our mysterious existence—of the Being who has made and preserves all, will give us resignation to all that comes to pass. The difference between the shortest and longest of human lives, dwindles to a point, a nothing, compared with our eternal duration. I will trouble you no more about my health, and am almost ashamed I have said so much."

His disease was pulmonary consumption, of the slow and gradual type, and, as is often the case of sedentary and intellectual men, with that disease, he complains of the difficulty of disengaging his mind from too much and too deep and abstract reflection. At different times he speaks thus, "I have not enjoyed the summer as much as I could have wished; thinking has become a sort of craving appetite with me, almost a disease. I am more

unhappy in trying not to think, than in thinking." "I have thought too much and wrought too little the last six or seven years." "Indeed, some bustling, busying occupation is the one I should have taken immediately on leaving college." "What value is any thing in the world, or the whole world itself, without health. The impressive language of scripture may apply with almost equal force to body as soul. What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his health? I have never felt so much as now the value of a 'sound mind in a sound body.' Study as I have made it, is a weariness to the flesh, and I must take a short summer ramble for recreation."

Yet in the very next sentences he would launch out upon some of his favorite and mind-taxing topics, discussing his studies, seeking to gratify some new and transient curiosity, and laying schemes for future improvement.

"When I was in Tuscaloosa, I saw in Dr. M's. library some of the works of Swedenborg. He made little or no account of them, and his son told me that one or two of them had been torn up for waste paper. Perhaps others may share the same fate. Now, if you would call on the Doctor and procure them for me, (I presume he would part with them,) I have a curiosity to read some of them, since they have created such excitement."

"Will you not ask Mrs. E. of Tuscaloosa for one of her eyeless fishes from the Mammoth Cave, several of which she has preserved. Tell her some men hereabouts doubt the visible and tangible verity of fishes *without* eyes, not-

withstanding the asseverations of respectable *eye*-witnesses."

"I hope, some day, to be enabled to make a year's ramble, at my *leisure*, over our own country, and a two year's tour in Europe. The time may never come; but it has been with me a long and lovely dream. The idea of being, all our earthly pilgrimage, cut off, from the sight even, of so many beautiful persons, places and things, is to an earnest and inquiring mind, peculiarly mournful. But it must be the lot of a great majority of our race, and it is well that so few are qualified by nature or cultivation to feel the privation."

"I am agreeably situated at present, in the bosom of nature, amid the limited, yet pleasant variety of a rural and somewhat rustic life. I work in the garden and field in the morning, ramble through wood and pasture and by brook-side in the afternoon, studying nature, birds and blossoms. Botany and Ornithology! two most interesting sciences—birds and flowers, the beautiful, ethereal, innocent and half unearthly creatures and things—and old acquaintances and playmates from childhood and school-day time. We do not, my dear friend, commune often, *sincerely and simply* enough with the works of our Creator, either to heartily know, or love, either the one or the other! Let us turn over a new leaf in our lives and in God's great and wonderful book. I wish you would study one or the other of these delightful sciences, and we would mutually communicate our discoveries, and living so far apart, our different fields of observation would prove

the more useful and interesting. I do sincerely wish you would resume your botany, and begin with an exact system of the prairie flowers. What a fine field is open before you! and what pleasant rambles after the imprisonment of an office. You could do this with an absolute advantage to your other pursuits."

"I wish, I *hope*, you may study German. So much philosophy and poetry will open to you in that noble language, the twin-sister of our own. I have been reading Schiller, the greatest of German dramatists. His 'Maid of Orleans' and 'William Tell' are glorious. 'Wallenstein' you know, from Coleridge's excellent translation. 'Mary Stuart' and 'Don Carlos' are excellent. Novalis, that 'sweet flower of philosophy and poesy so early lost,' is a favorite of mine. I have just made a translation of his 'Hymns to the Night.' I know nothing like them in German, or any language—so full of faith and fervor, romantic, pathetic, mysterious. These Hymns were written shortly after the death of his beloved, and shortly before his own. Possibly I may publish them. You know, however, I am very fastidious in these things. Any work should not be published till a man's life is ended, for a whole life is necessary, in happy intervals, to complete any truly great work. I am now, too, at odd spells, translating Novalis' 'Sacred Hymns,' and wish I could give you an idea of some of them, one of which I send you, as I know you will excuse the translation.

TO THE VIRGIN.

I see in thousand pictured things
Thee, Mary, shaped so lovingly;
But none of all, thine image brings,
As oft my soul takes glimpse of thee.

I only feel, the world's unrest,
Since then, waves o'er me like a dream,
And a Heaven unutterably blest,
Doth ever in my spirit seem."

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It will be kept in mind that while he appears thus enthusiastically given up to these pursuits, he was bearing up against that most dispiriting disease, consumption, and that the last three or four years of his life passed in a very desultory manner, in a constant struggle between a desire and an inability to study. He would bury himself in the college and other libraries at New Haven till completely prostrated, and then take a "ramble," or go home to "recruit." The more sombre portions of his letters have been avoided as too sad and melancholy, and but one more extract, referring to his health, is made. It needs, however, no apology to have spoken so often of the health of our deceased friend. The disease of the invalid becomes a part of himself, his very being, and the labors and achievements of the literary invalid, the book-worn and thought-worn student, acquire a two-fold interest from the pain and suffering through which they are wrought out.

"My hand and heart fail me while I write. I have always had a large share of resolution, perhaps too much, but I feel my hold on life very weak, and growing weaker every day. I have thrown aside all study, all reading, only for amusement. I have taken all possible precautions and exertions to regain my health, yet I feel I have lost strength and flesh and spirits. Indeed, I have no doubt I have been slowly declining ever since my last collegiate year. I feel now that my residence and sedentary mode of life at the South did me no *essential* good. But I will not cast too gloomy forebodings. The Being who made is able to save, to whose will I have long resigned myself. I hoped, my kind friend and comrade, to see you once more in the land of the living, but I have little hope of it *now*. You would find me somewhat different from what you have ever known me, and I think, could we commune but for one *short hour*, you would learn better my true nature than ever. But I am unable to write more at present."

The subject of this sketch did not live to make a public profession of any religious faith, but his conversations and writings evince that he died a Christian. He often expressed his conviction of the great truths of Christianity, and that the Saviour of the world was the sole reliance for future salvation. With all his reading he did not neglect the sacred volume.

"But the Book which I have *studied* above all others is the Bible. I have read it *all* through in the last year—much of it, especially the New Testament, several times.

I am surprised that these sublime writings are so much neglected, even by those who profess to believe their truth. I have lately read and compared the four Gospels, the Acts and St. Paul's Epistles. If such morals, such a religion, such faith, hope and charity, were ever thus set forth, so purely and sublimely, I would like to know by whom, save by Inspiration ?"

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Our friends die and we bury them amid grief and tears, while the busy world around feel little sympathy and care little for our lamentations. We become so accustomed to this that we mourn their loss in silence, never taxing the world for sympathy. It is well, perhaps, that it is so. There is generally a private circle, where, to speak of their virtues and their good deeds, is no intrusion. But whenever a man, distinguished for rare attainment, exalted worth, great genius, adding to these the highest principle, and the most expansive charity and benevolence, devoting his life and energy to the most exalted pursuits and purposes,—whenever such a man dies, it is right to chronicle his virtues. He is entitled to a place in our memories and our affections, if only as an example. N. S.

VISIONS AND VOICES

OF SONG.

Sacred Song was lent to sing thee
Patient trust for toil and tears,
Fruits and flowers divine to bring thee
Borne from fields of other years.

SONGS AND LYRICS.

WINIFREDA.

Fair Winifreda! loveliest one
  That happiest thought of love might frame,
Thy spirit like an inner sun
  Sheds through thy form celestial flame,
While in each motion seems to run
  The charm of thy sweet Saxon name.[1]

'Kind peace and winning gentleness'
  In all thine air, that charm divine
No foreign favorite can express,—
  Lenora, Julia, Rosaline,
Cornelia, Helen, Jane, Therese—
  Sweet names, yet none so sweet as thine.

How brightly by the soft winds shook,
Thy curling silken tresses swing,
Like moon-light down a pebbly brook,
Or wave of bright bird's sunny wing:
But what can match that tender look,
More sweet than any earthly thing!

How gently from thy lips out-break
Those mild words melting while they thrill,
Like summer wind at morn's first wake,
Or song-gush o'er a starry hill!
Pure spirit-tones, for whose dear sake,
Years gone, we pause to listen still.

MARY.

Sweet, simple tenderness of tone
That dearest English name doth hold,
Bringing rich peaceful feelings flown,
And fair young fancies fresh from old,
Like flocks to the heart's evening fold.

Now full and lulling steals the sound,
Like summer brooklet's busy trill,
Or waters warbling under ground,
When fields in slumbering noon are still,
And peace sweet Nature's heart doth fill.

Now soft the gush as falling snow,
Or shower where rainy April shines,
Or small bird's chant which faint winds strow
At sun-down through a ridge of pines,
When Earth with Heaven in one combines.

A type of cheerful earnestness,
Of gentle soul and faithful eyes,
And beauty born to win and bless,
Within that pensive music lies,
That tells the heart its sympathies.

A pledge of sinlessness and youth,
An earthly form that whispers Heaven—
In artless looks and virgin truth,
In all the grace to woman given,
To draw us whence our sin hath driven.

A glimpse of one the heart would strain
To its fond self till *self* it grew;
A face so full to soothe all pain,
To look each greeting or adieu,
And sun life's home its sojourn through.

These symbols, dear, are in thy name,
Thyself the substance all, and more;
Which seeing who our choice could blame?
That *name* and *self* in heart we store
A prize to love and ponder o'er.

SPRING SONG.

Now daisies grow by the grassy hills,
Cowslips through meadows wide,
And the soul of love all Heaven o'erfills,
And songs the woodland side.

We'll go and see them laugh and blow,
We'll go and hear them sing;
To me with thee how sweeter flow
The early sweets of Spring.

Oh, when thy own soft voice I hear,
How sweet the wood-birds sing!
Oh, when I meet thy blue eyes clear,
How fair the skies of Spring!

Thy loveliness can beautify
Whate'er it doth o'ershine;
How blest the sunny hours go by,
Sweet maid, since thou art mine.

Thy locks are like the young dove's wing,
  Like watery stars thine eyes ;
Thy lips two red clouds hovering
  By the gates of evening skies.

Then we'll away to the daisied hills,
  And the cowslip'd meadows wide ;
For the soul of love all Heaven o'erfills,
  And songs the woodland side.

SPRING SONG.

Now the young May shows her loveliest mien,
And the air waves sweet and soft,
The skies are blue, the fields are green,
And merry birds sing aloft;
The flowers are coming o'er the plains,
And the clear brooks warbling play,
And afield go forth the happy swains,
Through all the long, fair day.

And blessedly comes back to me
A gush of seasons gone,
When the heart all love, bloomed fresh and free
As morning o'er the lawn;
Those days, dear Flora, when we went
Green hills and meadows by,
And the tall trees fresh in the cool winds bent,
Or laughed in the moony sky.

Then every thing enchanting seemed,
Each thought wore Beauty's dress,
We looked into the world and dreamed
Of boundless happiness;
And plans of joy and whispered sighs,
Oft side by side we made,
And more, thy gentle face and eyes
Than books or earth, conveyed.

Those hours are gone, those days are o'er,
And we are wiser grown,
But bliss like that our hearts then bore,
No other days have known:
Seek fairest clime, come sweetest spring,
Gain all earth's fame or gold,—
Still nought so blest as thoughts that bring,
Those innocent hours of old.

THE YOUNG SHEPHERD'S SONG.

The sweet Spring from her southern chamber
Comes smiling bashful like a bride;
Her breath is balm, her locks are amber,
And dance the bright hours by her side;
The clouds drop soft their veil of shadows,
And young winds lead her by the hand,
And young girls beat the posied meadows,
But mine's the fairest of the band.

The trees their blossom'd arms are lifting,
Rocking their dear birds evermore;
And Nature every sweet is sifting,
And asks but love for all her store;
My blooming heart with fondness greater,
Holds her, my bird, my Isabel;
Fairer, and all as kind as Nature,
And loved—did she but know how well!

I mark in clouds celestial faces,
And each her visage seems to wear;
In town, or field, or desert places,
Her presence wraps me like the air;
From all earth's blithe and beauteous creatures,
Her smile I see, her voice I hear,
In all I meet her fairy features,
And lovelier still doth all appear.

Oft when I sit, my lamblings keeping,
And noon sleeps on the rocks and hills,
And drowsiness o'er all comes creeping,
I watch with thought that never stills;
Or when day's amber light is westing,
Or by the banks of starry stream,
Or on my bed the long night resting,
Still she is all my thought and dream.

When shyly from her cottage bower,
Her glance steals on me passing by,
What worlds untold of love and power
Seem opening from her face and eye;
O, when the dear maid shall receive me,
Then merrier ditties will I sing,
No hardship through the year shall grieve me,
To me will all the year be spring!

THE PARTING.

[AMOEBEAN.]

HE.

I go, yet dear, thine image blest
  Shall be my strength and shield;
Love is the garden-dream of rest,
  But life a work-day field.

SHE.

Ah go—the pledge is given—though fain
  I'd hold, it may not be!
But bring that image back again,
  With thine, unstained, to me.

HE.

Yes, that I'll wear, a glass wherein
  All things shall lovelier grow,
To keep the soul from worldly sin,
  And manlier for its woe.

SHE.

And my lone home, in calm and storm,
Past hours shall sweet o'erfall,
Their thought a spell, and *one* dear form
The master of them all.

HE.

We part—such is our lot—'tis best,
True hearts with love grow strong,
And look to gain that 'garden-rest,'
Though sundered far and long.

SHE.

I feel it all—so sad, yet true;
Time *long* between will run;
But should earth ever keep us two,
Trust heaven shall make us ONE.

THAT LAST SWEET SONG.

THAT last sweet song you sung, love,
That old heart-touching lay,
Oft in my heart hath sprung, love,
Through many a weary day,
And sung itself all young, love,
Far, far away.

The clasp thy full hand gave, love,
This heart hath kept since then,
And feeling, grew more brave, love,
It knows not how or when,—
To thee alone a slave, love.
A lord with men.

The parting tear you shed, love,
My heart a pearl hath kept;
The farewell word you said, love,
Hath never, never slept—
Sweet pledges oft o'er-read, love,
And sweetly wept.

*

But the touch thy lips did lay, love,
Most dear in this heart hath lain,
And the look that won to stay, love,
Those two no art could feign!
And I've come them all to pay, love,
Nor part again.

THOSE LOOKS AND TEARS.

THOSE looks and tears when we did part,
A living fount have been,
A fount of youth within the heart,
To keep it fresh and green;
O'er life's dry waste in sorest need
That fount hath fed like rain,
And when all fails it still shall feed,
Though meet we ne'er again.

Thy gentle presence fills mine eyes,
Thy spirit fills my mind;
And my heart swells like the high wide skies,
Round thee and all mankind:
And higher still the nearer thee,
Each holier impulse thine;
Would to thy soul one form might be
What thou hast been to mine!

THE INDIAN LOVER TO THE WEEKOLIS.[2]

WEEKOLIS, sweet Weekolis,
Thy evening voice I hear!
The moon of birds and flowers hath come,
And planting time is near.

Weekolis, sweet Weekolis,
Thou tellest of fish in streams,
And wild fowl by the opening lakes,
But none are in my dreams.

Weekolis, sweet Weekolis,
The hunt came small to-day,
The hand was weak upon the bow,
The heart was far away.

Weekolis, sweet Weekolis,
Thou singest like my love;
But thou art shy and so is she,
She shuns me through the grove.

Weekolis, sweet Weekolis,
  Go by her cabin sing;
She'll list to thee though not to me,
  Dark maid—the timid thing!

Weekolis, sweet Weekolis,
  Thy heart sings happily;
Thy little mate is kind and true,—
  Would I were bird like thee!

SONG ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE Prairie! The Prairie!
Where life and love are free,
And skies are clear and earth is kind,
There, there be the home for me!
Where the wilderness is all ablaze
With its thousand-blossomed green,
And the bright air swims with the song of birds,
And the hum of bees, between.

The Prairie! The Prairie!
Where the long bright summer hours,
The west wind makes his playing ground,
And dallies with the flowers,—
The fair young flowers, the sinless ones,
That smile and know no care;
And he kisses dry their dewy cheeks,
And tosses their golden hair.

The Prairie! The Prairie!
Whence rises, where sinks the sun,
Where darkening o'er the wavy slopes,
The dropping shower-clouds run:
Where bold the forest headlands shoot,
And through thin groves out-gleam
Far reaching vistas strange and fair,
As thoughts in a poet's dream.

The Prairie! The Prairie!
Where the broad Heaven fills the sight,
Looks down with face so soft by day,
And stars so grand at night;
With one to look and live and love,
And love like all things free,
The skies so fair, the earth so kind,
O, such be the home for me!

TO A YOUNG GIRL PLAYING IN AN ARBOR.

THE mellow winds are gently swinging,
Grass, bush and tree,
And tender birds to heaven are singing
How blest they be:
There sits a maid and swings, and sings
Old mellow airs and tender things.

The winds her long bright curls are tossing
Like silver flowers,
And gleams and shades her face are crossing
The blue noon hours:
And nature seems to love and lull
A soul so young and beautiful.

And there, perhaps, the pure one dreameth
Bright days, and long,
And earth, and life, to her but seemeth
One summer song:
The light, the song from fairer sphere
Brought with her, and remembered here.

Sweet child! I would not show the morrow
To thee so blind;
O, might I bear the load of sorrow
Thou soon must find!
Till thou in better climes redeem
The bliss which here is but a dream.

SONG.

THE sweet blue clover
Blows o'er the lea,
Blue skies bend over,
And whisper, Thee.

As night-dewed blossom
Enthralls the bee,
Holds thy sweet bosom
My soul with Thee.

From casement streaming,
O'er street and tree,
Those eyes they're dreaming,—
Are they ?—of me.

With stars of even
I'll come and see,
Star of my heaven,
Sweet maiden, Thee.

SONG.

THE stars are in the sky, love,
And the faint winds in the tree,
And the moon goes o'er the shining wave
As goes my heart to thee.

My heart is all with thee, love,
Its thoughts are all thine own;
Afar or near, thy presence dear
Like light is round me thrown.

On the fields the shadows rest, love,
Like forms of vanished years,
And through the calm deep silentness
Sweet sounds my spirit hears.

Sweet tones of memory throng, love,
That far off scenes recall,
And thy celestial accents rise,
So tenderly through all.

They whisper to my soul, love,
Of better days to be;
And care and fear and grief are gone,
While thinking, love, of thee!

REGRET.

O HAD our day of youth been one,
Those sweet and sinless hours,
What tender ties our hearts had spun,
How knit their opening flowers!
Life's sinless hours, when hope and love
Were all the bosom knew,
Ere time hope's sunny web unwove,
Or dried love's summer dew!

A charm had then our pathway cheered
Thro' life's drear emptiness,
One mutual heart still more endeared,
Were all else comfortless;
When change or death turned others chill,
Its same warm beat to hold,
A deep love-spring o'er running still
Sweet waters as of old.

Rare bliss—not ours! a harder fate
Our paths assunder turned,
And long for that *one* missing mate
Each restless soul hath yearned;
And each unblest must still search on
Its kindred self—in vain;
One chance there was, and that is gone
Never to come again!

CONSOLATION.

We'll not grieve for the days that are gone,
When love was all our gold,
Ere youth to care sweet peace did pawn;
Those bright days still the heart bears on,
The heart that all doth hold.

And the innocent heart and right,
Makes all things fair and pure;
Sees something in coming years as bright,
Finds ever a ray in the darkest night,
Some good each ill to cure.

SONG.—CONSOLEMENT.

SAY, dearest, why art thou so often complaining
Of pleasures that pass to return not again?
From the loss of the old still new pleasures we're gaining,
And relish more purely whate'er may remain.

Our joys, like our moments, are fickle and fleeting,
Yet we feel by their absence their value more dear:
Could hearts that ne'er part feel the rapture of meeting?
Were affection so strong, if it loved not in fear?

How all earthly treasures the fonder we cherish,
So frail when they're fairest, so certain to go:
But they leave purer joys on the dust where they perish,
Green memories there cluster and hopes freshly blow.

Were our wishes ne'er crossed, were our friends
ever round us,
Had enjoyment no death and affliction no birth,
The spirit would tire 'neath the dull chain that
bound us,
Ah, could love look to heaven if it lost not from
earth ?

Woes remembered are joys, and the night hour of
sorrow
Sheds sweet dews, refining the heart where they
fall ;
Then we'll learn from the past, and in faith wait the
morrow,
Make most of the present, and draw good from all.

TO ——

"How soon a love will print a thought that never may remove."
Earl Surrey.

When thy bashful eyes first bended
Innocence of gaze on mine,
Gleams of higher life descended,
And the world became divine.

Hope with knowledge past united,
All that youth and beauty tell,
And the young soul saw, delighted,
Earth a mystic sign and spell.

Countenance in beauty dreaming,
Soft eyes hung with fringèd shroud,
Like the watery sunset streaming,
Through the fringe of evening cloud.

Summer winds o'er flower banks blowing,
  Brought the wavings of thy hair,
Form and gesture nobly showing,
  What the look immortals wear.

Maiden mild, and yet so queenly!
  Word and act so well became!
In thy spirit dwelt serenely,
  Confidence and maiden shame.

Like none else, yet unsurprising
  Shone the look thy features wore;
Seemed the soul but recognizing
  Something known and loved before.

One sweet meeting—long since is it!
  How hath proved the world to thee?
Could thy young soul then forevisit
  What its after days should be?

Hath thy gentle spirit beauteous,
  Found new love and wedded rest?
Dwells it loving still and duteous,
  In the home its presence blest?

Stands thy hope's fair architecture?—
Is it crushed and lying low?—
So asks vainly fond conjecture,
And would give the world to know!

Shape of light! whose spell hath lorded
O'er my captive soul so long,—
Could the memories there recorded
Be recorded in my song!

Ah! the tales thy sweet lips ventured,
In my ear may ne'er be told;
But my heart their music entered,
With enchantments manifold.

And thy slow tears shed at leaving,
Did thy wishful thoughts reveal,
Resignation calmly grieving,
Loss no other love might heal.

Though I knew we then must sever,
That thou never mine might be,
Yet flows life more lovely ever,
In the bliss it caught from thee.

LAMENT.

YOUNG victim of the spoiler's dart,
With ceaseless grief I pine;
The shaft went through thy tender heart,
But ah! 'twas left in mine.

I think of thee, I think of thee,
In many a pensive hour,
When backward thought goes wandering free,
Through memory's Eden bower.

I think of thee when fresh new Spring
Laughs from the shining sky,
And merry birds are on the wing,
And gentle gales blow by.

I think of thee when dark woods moan,
And winds wail round the door;—
So dreary pines the heart all lone,
For those who come no more.

I think of thee when silent snows
  Fall through the wintry sky,
And deep the stillness of repose
  On every thing doth lie.

I think of thee when eve's pale star
  Drops softly down the west;
So calmly to thy home afar,
  Thy spirit sank to rest.

I think of thee in blessed dreams,
  When the moon looks on the hill;
I hear thy voice in the falling streams,
  When the nightly winds are still.

I hear thy voice in the starry air,
  Like an angel's far sweet strain,
Till waked by the sounds of earth and care
  To toil and grieve again.

Farewell! farewell! I'll think of thee,
  And my dark path travel on,
Till my task be done, and that bright land won
  Where thou, loved one, art gone.

O BE MY GRAVE ON THE MOUNTAIN'S BREAST.

O BE my grave on the mountain's breast,
In its green wild still and lonely,
And nought around or o'er my rest,
The sky's blue temple only.

Away from earth, where the stars of night
Their vestal fires are burning,
Still nearer to that world of light,
Home of the spirit's yearning.

Then lay me on the mountain top,
Where the summer clouds may hover,
And the gentlest dews of evening drop,
And the free winds wander over.

There first shall come the golden day,
Last go with pale declining;
And the fair moon make her longest stay,
And hang with brighter shining.

So make my bed on the mountain's breast,
  There sweet shall be my sleeping,
With the stars, kind watchers, o'er my rest,
  In Heaven's own holy keeping.

ODE TO CAPT. NATHAN HALE.[3]

FULL stern was his doom, but full firmly he died,
No funeral or bier they made him,
Not a kind eye wept, nor a warm heart sighed,
O'er the spot all unknown where they laid him.

In Freedom's cause at her earliest call,
To the field of strife he hasted,
And dared for her sake, and suffered all,
E'en her bitterest draught he tasted.

"But *one life*, my country, to give for thee!"
Was the last the high spirit hath spoken;
Breathing that deep wish so earnestly,
And its earthly bonds were broken!

He fell in the spring of his early prime,
With his fair hopes all around him;
He died for his birth-land, 'a glorious crime,'
Ere the palm of his fame had crowned him.

He fell in her darkness—he lived not to see
The morn of her risen glory;
But the name of the brave in the hearts of the free,
Shall be twined with her deathless story.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Υπ' οδαναις ωδαις Υπνε δ' αλγεων
Ευαης ημιν ελθοις
Ευαιων ευαιων αναξ. κ. τ. λ.
Soph. Philoct. 827.

Spirit mild of mystic slumber!
Now with wizard spell lay by
Galling cares and loads that cumber,
Soothing sense and sealing eye.

Come in blue and starry mantle,
Wave thy downy-feathered wing,
Wave with touch all soft and gentle,
O'er the world's each living thing.

Brains with thought in hot beat throbbing,
Lids by light long filled and pained,
Hearts o'ercome with joy or sobbing,
Nerves unstrung or toil-o'erstrained.

Come with lull of brooklets flowing,
Or lone break of distant seas,
Rain-drops, wind-sighs, far herds lowing,
Lisping leaves or humming bees.

Come with scent of piny highlands,
Or balm groves of spicy zone;
Come with breath of flowery islands,
Whence the evening winds have blown.

Come with raven hair rich braiden
From the moonshine's watery beams;
Hush my couch, sky-hovering maiden!
Sing me all thy happiest dreams.

Dreams through cloudy gateways fading
To a high and beauteous clime,
Dazzling vistas faint foreshading
Scenes beyond the scenes of time.

For to thy sweet hand are given
All the treasures of the night,
Keys that ope the gates of heaven
On the wearied earth-worn sight.

Come, day's bed with flowers o'er-strewing,
While thick dusk the East-land fills,
Stay, till morn's young breath o'er-blowing,
Wake to life the warbling hills.

From the Orient, tireless rover!
Veiled behind the shadow'd sun,
Thou long realms hast wandered over,
And their daily tasks are done.

Houseless bands in deserts tenting,
Men in cot or bustling town,
Prayerless, or the past repenting,
Vexed or calm, have laid them down.

Thou hast walked the princely palace,
Feast and dance and bridal train,
Sweetened sorrow's bitter chalice,
Soothed the bed for limbs of pain.

Stilled gay feet in revel chamber,
Won fair creatures from their play,
Birds, that wing or beasts that clamber,
Air or steep as free as they.

Thou hast roamed o'er savage ridges,
Where great streams their wells inurn,
Listening, paced earth's outmost-edges,
Lonesome, where no hearths upburn.

Blessings thine reach all God's creatures,
High or humble, wild or tame;
Shiftless Fortune changes features,
Thou, sweet Friend! art still the same.

Dove of peace! pure virtue serving,
Bride unwooed of sinless heart!
Ne'er may bosom undeserving,
Buy with gold or win from art!

STRAWBERRY SONG OF INDIAN DAMSELS.

Our wigwams are over the hill,
With the fair lake shining by,
Where yon red clouds are gathering
Like warriors in the sky.
And thither with song we'll go
When the first dews cool our feet,
And the moon in the east riseth slow,
And the whippowill's voice is sweet.

Moon, queen of our dances so long,
The season of berries she brings,
And birds of the tenderest song,
And blossoms and beautiful things :
O'er our cabins soft beaming serene,
Where friends wait our coming to see,—
Look yonder ! they're out on the green,
Good welcome and cheer there will be.

With berries our baskets are full,
And our burden 'tis pleasure to bear;
To the hot day the dust cometh cool,
And the fresh winds give life to the air.
Sing, sisters! as homeward we wend,
And our merry feet keep the way,
Soon our toil the dance round our cabins shall end
For the luck we have had to-day.

ROAD SONG OF EARTH'S TRAVELERS.

We are marching on! we are marching on
The paths our lot or choice hath drawn,
With Truth behind and Trust before,
And Pain beneath, but Promise o'er.
Stern foes, fair tempters on each side,
Yet shield without and strength within,
And faithful friends unterrified,—
Right, wise to rule—Will, strong to win.

We are toiling on! we are toiling on,
To rest with dark, and start with dawn,
Down smooth green vales, up mountains steep,
O'er shifting Land and stormy Deep.
Though dark the wave, and hard the way,
'Twill better keep in mind the goal;
O'er gloomy nights dawns brighter day,
From sterner strife grows stronger soul.

On to the tomb! On to the tomb!
Where all find rest and, still there's room:
We'll bear each other's loads, for we
Neighbors at death, through life should be.
So shall our wayfare easier hold,
More long for peace, more short for pain;
Sweet kindness yields an hundred fold,
With blessings sown and reaped again.

We come no more! we come no more!
We seek our lost ones gone before;
When all are found what need we here,
To love in grief and hope in fear!
Some better home must be, to keep
Things whispered oft the spirit's ear,
Where souls rejoined their promise reap,
See every earthly mystery clear.

Though near shuts down life's narrow sky,
Broad lands we know beyond must lie;
Though blank and dim in Day's full glare,
Fair worlds of light are shining there.

SONGS OF THE LABORERS.

"Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto."—*Terence.*

"I am a man, in man I take a part,
The good of man is ever next my heart."

THE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG.

Now the budding woods grow green around,
And the fields grow green below,
New voices wake from the melting ground,
And the fair skies freshly blow;
The birds arise from their wintry dream,
And daisies unto the sun,
And we'll afield, my jolly brisk team,
'Tis time that our work begun.

The crop-grounds over we tug along,
Ere the sun on the hill-top stands,
And sturdy and strong we whistle our song,
And strike out the long straight 'lands.'

How smooth the opening furrows run !
And the warm rich light comes down ;
No balk or stay for stump or stone,
Till the evening trees look brown.

Each turn the black stripes wider grow,
And the green lands narrow fast ;
Strain the beam, stout team ! and bend the bow,
Brave working is soonest past :
We'll bait at noon with rest and feed,
There's plenty in mow and stall ;
Ye shall not lack a friend at need
As ye've been to me through all.

Hard, toil we out the teeming spring,
And trust to friendly skies,
To shelter and nurse with their rainy wing
When the staff of life shall rise :—
See ! the shadowy shower goes over the hills,
One side to the full bright sun,
And her nurselings earth with sweet food fills,
How they drink and smile each one !

The gold we dig is the golden corn,
  Bright plough-share our mining spade,
A full-stored crib our Plenty's horn,
  And such is our task and trade :
By the sweat of our brow we gain our bread,
  Grudge lords nor wealth nor land ;
Would that for man each wiser head
  Toiled as well as our hard strong hand.

SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

First Chorus,—the Mowers.—[Men.]

Now stoutly lay the shining scythe
  Along the grassy sea ;
The meadow larks are singing blithe
  Above the morning lea.
Our blades we fling with whistling swing,
  And the tall green grass drops low,
And thick behind the swaths we string,—
  So bravely on we go!

And now the field doth narrower seem,
'Twill all be down by noon;
How little did the young flowers dream
That they must fall so soon!
See! far and near the grass lies sere,
And withering strown the flowers;
So Time mows life year after year,
So fall its happier hours.

Second Chorus,—the Spreaders.—[Boys.

We shake the dewy heaps and strow
The locks to the sun and air;
Around us warm the soft winds flow,
The weather how fresh and fair!
Through the sunny day we'll make the hay,
So toss it brisk and strong,
And full of glee our hearts shall be
As the grasshoppers in song.

Third Chorus.—Both.

Now the noon-blaze beats, and the locusts scream
Shrill from the windless trees,
And the zigzag fences sweltering gleam,
And the bright sky rings with bees.

Our limbs are laid 'neath the tall high shade,
Where the small birds merrily sing;
On soft cool seat our meal how sweet,
And our drink the living spring.

Fourth Chorus,—the Rakers.—[Men and Maidens.]

Swift o'er the field with rake we pass,
The hay is dry and brown,
And rustles like a fresh trim lass
In her silken Sunday gown.
Our windrows stout we lengthen out
Across the smooth shorn lawn;
Breathes through the calm Heaven's winnowing balm,
Like a sweet thought felt and gone!

But see! yon black cloud rising high,
Hark, the thunder's deepening swell!
Strain hard!—but now 'tis passing by,
It clears, and all turns well.
The haycocks grow in many a row,
Like a tented plain so still;
Then bend, lads, bend, our task we'll end
Ere the sun goes down the hill.

Fifth Chorus,—the Pitchers.

Our forks we ply, nor slow nor scant,
The round heaps up we throw ;
And see, like some huge elephant,
The full wain waddling go.
With many a load our barns are stowed,
And our stacks rise thick and tall,
Now the final one his crown puts on,
And now 'tis evening-fall.

Sixth Chorus,—All.

The day is gone, our work is done,
Now we may sing or play,
And rest us till another sun
Comes back his summer way.
Let winter blow, and fall the snow,
Or drive the wind and rain ;
Our snug-stalled herds for food may low,
And shall not low in vain.

SONG OF THE REAPERS.

Afield, brisk swain,—the harvest plain
Waves yellow locks for the reaping;
The lark sings shrill, and over the hill
The eye of morn is peeping.

Up! up! nor lag, with bottle and bag,
And our reap-hooks on our shoulder,
We'll trudge it through the chilly dew,
And care not an 'twere colder.

In the new cool day, while the west winds play,
We'll work till the noon-tide swelter,
Then by shady spring, while the crickets sing,
We'll rest in the woodland's shelter.

O'er wastes and flood on plains of blood,
Let men reap gold or laurel;
Our wealth is the yield of the harvest field,
Nor bought by wound or quarrel.

Bright sickles are the swords we wear,
The march—our jolly bustling,
Our fields of arms the fields of our farms,
And their shocks—our sheaf-shocks rustling.

Our triumph-car of well waged war
Is the wain that laboring trundles,
With the golden spoil of our glorious toil,
To our temple rich in bundles.

Then come, brisk swain, the harvest plain
Bends its yellow locks for the reaping;
The lark pipes shrill, and over the hill
The eye of morn is peeping!

CORN HUSKER'S SONG.

(Air,—"Auld Lang Syne.")

Now, lads, draw round the big corn ring,
And fetch your girls so gay,
And we will work, and we will sing,
And sing the time away.

CHORUS.

We'll sing and think of this our glee,
For Auld Lang Syne,
When many an after year comes round,
For Auld Lang Syne.

All in the sweet October night,
  All 'neath the starry sky,—
The Moon looks on and laughs so bright,
  And lights us with her eye.

She lights us with her eye, my love,
  Yet not so bright as thine;
White swims yon little cloud above,
  Thy shoulders whiter shine.

Now briskly strip the robe so white
  From off the long bright ear,
The stack is large, the work is light,
  For many hands are here.

The stack is large, thanks to the soil,
  And Heaven so kind that gave,
And lends the sweet reward to toil
  In Plenty's golden wave.

My dear, we've through the green corn beat,
  Now will we husk the dry,
And you shall make the pudding sweet,
  Then let the sharp husks fly.

They fly like snow—and swelling fair,
The yellow corn heap gleams,
While wake our songs the silver air
Out from its glimmering dreams.

And soon we'll end, and give our cheer,
And draw a merrier ring,
Sing songs, tell tales, and kiss our dear
More happy than a king!

CHORUS.

THE MILLER'S SONG.

With headlong bound, comes the water down,
In its noisy and reckless play,
And the tall wheel flings out his arms like wings,
And stoutly he toils away.

Now high, now low, his broad hands go,
As they catch up the tumbling wave;
It foams and it frets—he groans and he sweats,
Man's brawny and patient slave.

And hoarse within, his workmen din
In their wild yet measured ways,
Up, cross, and round, with a boisterous sound,
Their master each one obeys.

In its dizzy whirl, like a dancing girl,
See the burring stone spins round,
And fast though few, the grains drop through,—
The bright heap soon is ground!

So day and night, with tireless might,
The master he's grinding on,
Thro' sun and storm, in cold and warm,
Till his aged strength is gone.

By his sweat free shed, he earns his bread,
Which other mouths must fill;
He asks no meed, he has no need,
And he drudges and drudges still.

So night and day, life's organs play,
And the laboring pulses bound;
So on to its close, the heart-stream flows,
And rolls life's wheels around.

And Time doth stand, with glass in hand,
So fleeting its bright sands run,
One—one—they pass, yet soon the glass
Is out, and our life is done.

Then like the mill, our duties still
Let us ply till our task shall end,
Nor seek self-gains by our toil and pains,
But a bettered world, our friend.

The master heart, which stirs each part,
May the spirit of kindness move;
Like the bright stream free, let our impulse be
The gushing of human love!

LYRE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

COMPLAINT AND RESPONSE.

COMPLAINT.

THE swift hour-glass the speedier spendeth,
The nimble stream first meets the main;
And the quick pulse the earlier endeth,
Fine hearts like harps break first in twain!

RESPONSE.

The sand though swift the brighter fleeteth,
And purer runs the nimble rill;
And the quick pulse the warmer beateth,
Fine hearts like harps more sweetly thrill.

COMPLAINT.

Death first will find the soonest flower,
Nursed on the dew-green breast of spring;
And hearts the earliest in their hour,
Are ever first to feel his sting!

RESPONSE.

The spring-ripe flower grows sweetest, whitest,
Its time all youth, then drops away;
And early heart bears burden lightest,
Life's prime, without its sad decay.

IDLENESS.

KEEN frost full soon the dull stream freezeth,
And weeds unworn wastes mould or moth;
So the slow foot old age first seizeth,
And cankereth thought in sluggish sloth.

Time when most used the longer stayeth,
And time most spent the faster flees;
Rest to unrest the soul bewrayeth,
But the mind's action works its ease.

HIDDEN GRIEF.

THE rose-pent worm the blossom eateth,
Rust on the steel its nurse doth prey;
So pines the heart which care secreteth,
So sadness will its keeper slay.

The fountain whence no clear stream creepeth,
Is but a stagnant pool, or froze,
And the poor heart no tear that weepeth,
Hath naught to wash away its woes.

The dew of grief sheds its own healing,
Drained from the soul to give it rest;
Sorrowing is sorrow's sweetest feeling,
Even in its sharpest anguish, blest.

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A VOICE TO THE YOUNG.

"Macte, nova virtute, puer: sic itur ad astra."

YOUNG man on life's highway parting,
Needs faithful guide and friend thy soul?
Weigh then well thy choice at starting,
But ever most thyself and goal.

Thousand paths stretch round to lure you,
Each best, best walked—all find the end;
Each the great have trod before you,
Once young—your steps to cheer and mend.

Keep a heart still pure and holy,
Above all earthly treasures best;
Pure heart! which of all things solely
Can fear no ill and find true rest.

Be not doubtful or dejected,
  Though men misdeem, neglect or wrong;
By thyself be thou respected,
  The world will own thy worth ere long.

Time shall find thee work and wages,
  Large field for fame if thou but fill;
Look to come the Golden Ages,
  Then count each moment golden still.

Souls dwell here to love and labor,
  And happier, greater thence to grow,—
Love that makes all men its neighbor,
  And labor working good from wo.

Bear sweet childhood's better feelings,
  With manhood's bravery, all thy days;
So shall light from Heaven's revealings
  Make plain, life's stern and steepest ways.

By thought's cool springs oft retiring.
  Thy soul shall wash each earthly stain,
Clear its sight, take draughts inspiring,
  To feed and nerve its march again.

Rising stay, your nation raising,
Vanguard and trust of coming years ;—
See, in long dim lines they're gazing,
O, turn not all their trust to tears !

Things sublime your soul are calling,
High spheres, rich crowns—all yours to win ;
Charge so great betray not, falling
To wed the earth and gain—its sin.

In the vineyard of your Father,
Last laborer, most your need may be ;
All time aids your toil, then gather
The fruits of immortality.

Man, God's noblest work to render
Still worthier God, be thou still found ;
And to view His fuller splendor,
Await thy bliss where thou art bound.

FAITH.

"Faith touching all things with hues of Heaven."—*Hemans.*

Faith, the end and the beginning,
Of all knowledge 'neath the sun;
All that earth can give, though winning,
Man must rest in thee when done.

Higher truths lie still beyond us,
Thought ne'er reached nor tongue hath told;
Faith makes plain the dark and wondrous,
New things finding in the old.

Highest things must be mysterious,
Bound the wisdom of the wise;
But the earnest soul and serious
Where it may not reach, relies:

Feels the highest still the surest,
Measure whence all else is shown;
Finds the teachings sweetest, purest,
Whispered Faith, in thy love-tone.

Prophet, thou, on Time's last mountains,
Whence eternal things are seen,
Whence out-flow those living fountains,
Making this bleak world so green.

Calm Assurance, strong yet lowly,
Source of thought and deed sublime,
Bringing down the blest and holy,
Rising over Death and Time:

Light to Learning's labored blindness,
Cheerful strength to doubt and toil,
Warmth of sympathy and kindness,
Breeze of Peace to life's turmoil:

Childlike trust and heart-expansion,
Blooming Love for all mankind:—
Till the new soul grows a mansion
For all loveliest shapes of mind.

On life's hard road tired and fainting,
  Thou dost bring us food and balm;
Still of better days acquainting,
  Where our hearts will soon grow calm.

Open Worlds of bliss and glory,
  Spreads behind life's clouding veil:—
Brother, think what lies before thee,
  And thy heart shall never fail.

CHARITY.

Come, Spirit of the loftiest creed
From God revealed to suffering man;
Friend to our every ail and need,
Each purest wish, and noblest plan.

Her tender hand best heals each wound,
By sin, or piercing sorrow given,
Doth lift the wretched from the ground,
And win the wanderer back to heaven.

Her soul clasps all like God's bright sky,
O'er-breathing life and beauty warm;
All hope and blessedness her eye,
All light and peace her angel form.

With kind reproof in truth sincere,
She checks, redeems her erring child;
And in the smile her features wear,
All warring hearts grow reconciled.

Hates sin, yet loves the sinner still,—
Forgiveness, grace, her vengeance all;
Till sweet as spring, repentance fill
Hearts humbler, holier from their fall.

We're wanderers all from Right and Truth,
By doubt and passion drawn astray;
And pay with sadness, pain, and ruth,
The hours we left the heavenly way.

We're brethren joined in weal or wo,
Our bane to hate, our bliss to love;
We find one common fate below,
We seek one common home above.

Be thine her wisdom,—wealth of soul,
To feel all life hath felt or known;
Which finds its wants within the whole,
And makes all others' joys its own.

So God and Man shall fill thy heart,
And earth a new creation rise;
Thou'lt reach the fairest dream of art,
And hope's full longings realize.

KINDNESS.

SWEET kindness descends like the warm summer rain,
On the heart where cold reason appealeth in vain;
It can soften the hard, make the good better still,
While harshness and coldness the best turn to ill.

All may not find wealth, but its joys all may find;
All cannot be greatest, yet all can be kind:
Sweet kindness how easy, what conquest it wins,
Its thought meets our death-bed and pleads for our sins.

Its language all know, and it goes to the heart,
No learning it needeth, no labor of art;
Like the sweet breath of heaven all bounties it brings,
O praise! that life's best are life's commonest things.

Comes to all, ah, how welcome! a kind look or tone,
To the sinful, the wretched, whose griefs are unknown;
The feeble to strengthen, the friendless to cheer,
Bid the humble be bold, and the faint persevere.

How little we know whom we shun or despise,—
What sorrows they suffer, what greatness disguise,
What noble hearts warm with high feelings and brave,
Our neglect leaves to sink when our kindness might save.

What numbers in life meet we once and no more,
And the heart feels your smile when the meeting is o'er!
Far from most, we're kept strangers, few have we to love:—
Let us meet all men here as we'd meet them above.

LOVE.

ETERNAL spring of joy and beauty,
Light of this earthly frame,
First Teacher of all truth and duty,
God's smile and holiest name!

In thee the opening heart perfected,
Sees life new blooming rise,
And every fairest form reflected,
From glorious earth and skies.

In thee all blest things find completeness,
Faith, Hope and Charity;
The foretastes of immortal sweetness,
And splendor vast to be.

All sunlike, thou, space, time and season
Dost blend one beauteous whole:
Thine arguments the bloom of reason,
Thy proofs, the fruit of soul.

Earth knows no wealth, no true enjoyment,
But from thy fountain flows;
And want, and wo and hard employment
With thee all lighter grows.

Each soul for endless good is yearning,
Than aught it finds more sure;
Thy promise keeps its altar burning,
Still strengthening to endure.

To every heart thy voice is singing
Some sweet celestial tone;
With gentlest impulse nearer bringing
On to th' Eternal Throne.

Then reign, our spirit's master feeling,
Make all more pure and blest:
All wisdom's in thy high revealing,
All riches in thy rest.

FREEDOM.

O THOU of long mistaken name,
  Man's highest heritage and pride,
Which oft the false have brought to shame,
  For which the true have toiled and died;
However called, Right, Liberty,
Celestial born! we worship thee.

Brave men for thee have nobly bled,
  And thou, their guest, wert all unknown;
Thy hope hath oft the wretched fed,
  Who, blest, had slaves or tyrants grown;
While treacherous friends have made thee thrall,
Most meanly tyrannous of all.

Yea, arms which first thy cause defended,
  Have turned the first to wound or slay;
Tongues whose bold speech so well befriended
  Grew still, or spoke but to betray;
And hearts that followed long and far,
Misdeemed thy light a setting star.

And some have held thee Fortune's right,
To feed their power and passions by;
And some a cloud or heavenly height,
For human reach to vague or high;
Then coldly turned to earth their eyes,
Obsequious to its meanest prize.

A faithful few, God's chosen spirits,
Have stood and witnessed unto men,
Thy truth, thy triumphs, and thy merits,
By toil and patience, sword or pen;
And left to all the future time,
Fruits of their faith and task sublime.

The Saint, Apostle, Bard and Seer,
With prophet voice, and harp and lyre,
Have taught thy presence to revere,
Kindling the world like tongues of fire;
Great souls on mighty missions sent,
As new stars in the firmament.

They teach how knowledge ends with trust
In Perfect Good, sincere, and strong;
Freedom,—obedience to the just,
Without the will to choose the wrong;
The pure obedience of a child
Tempted to guilt, yet undefiled.

Great teachers, though so oft disputed
By darkened hearts whose gold was dross;
Neglected, shunned, or persecuted,
With lash of hate, chains, fire, or cross;
Down-trodden, yet o'er mounting still
Those who might crush but could not kill.

Still may such inspiration find
In some choice hearts an altar pure,
Till man's vast soul that long hath pined
An exile, reach its home secure;
Its God, its Freedom lost regain,
The joy of truth without its pain.

SCRIPTURE PIECES.

DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

A CRY was in Egypt, a wild midnight scream,
And the king started up, and his lords from their dream,
And the priests and the people woke ghastly with dread,—
Each household was smitten, each home had its dead!

In the deep hour of slumber, through all the broad land,
Went death like a shadow, pale plague in his hand:
With footsteps unheard every threshold he passed,
And the sleep his touch deepened, that sleep was the last.

And all the wide land was a funeral that morn,
Where parents sat wailing their earliest born ;
At evening how lulled they those eyes to repose,—
The morning hath come—they shall never unclose.

The babe hung like snow on the mother's warm
breast,
No breathing stirred softly the robe from its rest,
And the face of the child in its cradle did lie,
But pulseless and fixed as the star in the sky.

The flocks rise up early from valley and hill,
But the scared dams bleat restless, their yeanings
are still !
Wherever life breathed had the pest-arrow stung,
And the full heart of grief overflowed every tongue.

For the soul of Jehovah was kindled in wrath,
And the scourge swept like fire on its terrible path ;
The oppressor's proud heart fell subdued 'neath the
rod,
And the oppressed went forth in the light of their
God.

DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH'S HOST.

THE morning watch arose,
And a cloud of light and darkness lay
Between the hosts—to blind the foes,
And lead the faithful on their way.

All night the breath of God had blown,
And the waters from their deeps were gone;
The sea's vast bed, dry land had grown,
And the favored band marched on.

Each side the watery wall
Stood steep in awful pause of power,
Staying in silence stern, its fall,
Obedient to the appointed hour.

And silent Israel's myriads passed,
In hush of reverence and fear,
Nor dared behind a look to cast
On dangers threatening near.

Dark Egypt saw, and drave
With chariot, steed, and armèd men;
Hard through the path the mighty clave,
Like raging lions to their den.

Then looked forth from his fiery veil
The Lord, and smote that proud host through;
Their hearts turned faint, their looks grew pale,
And their clogg'd wheels heavily drew.

Now Israel gained the shore,—
Then stretched his rod their leader's hand;
And the sea's heart heav'd with a sullen roar,
And his troubled victims whelming spanned:

Horses and horsemen plunged and fell,
Then sunk like lead in the mighty sea;
Their cry was lost in the stormy swell,—
And the faithful ones were free.

DESCRIPTIVE AND MEDITATIVE POEMS.

EVENING VOICES OF AUTUMN.

THE sun hath crossed yon steep gray mountain,
And left in mourning all the plain;
Air lulls, no sound of bird or fountain,—
And ye begin your solemn strain!

A ONE, grave voice, as earth were holding
In soul some deep soliloquy;
Or, sunk to rest, her veiled arms folding,
Worshipped and sang her Deity.

Mysterious chant—the dirge of Summer,
Through field, o'er hill, from woodland tall;
And the listening heart beats slow and dumber,
And thought broods o'er it like a pall:

Thought of the thousand seasons numbered
By that deep tongue's mysterious tone;
Of human forms that woke and slumbered,
Of secrets long ere man was known:

Of what through dim years sprung and faded,
When life was new and time was young;
What change 'neath starry skies or shaded,
With changeless speech, lone ones, ye've sung.

And still night's watches long ye're making
That same vague chant of mournful theme;
An annual hymn of Time out-breaking
From old Eternity's mute dream:

Like voices oracling from under
The sacred chambers of the ground,
In the ear of stars entranced in wonder
What tongues their sister sphere hath found.

It seems all buried things are spoken,
Past, future blend, thought wonders how;
The seals of birth and death are broken,
And all time grows one pulseless NOW.

We hark, and thoughts of earnest duty
Within our minds like planets rise;
And looks of love, and shapes of beauty
Shine on our souls with deathless eyes.

We listen, and more manfully start on
Life's conflict, battling wo and wrong;
As war-hymn sad nerved serious Spartan,
In solemn strength our hearts grow strong.

TO A FLOWER IN A SOLITARY PLACE.

Thou standest in the desert ground, sweet flower,
Hard by this stripe of ancient wood;
Doing thy task and living out thine hour,
Young hermit, gay in solitude!

Lorn as some castaway on island wild,
Lone as in heaven a single star:
With joy I greet thee like a fair lost child,
Wandered from home and parents far.

No kindred flowrets near, no gentle mate
Bends to thee lisping tenderest things;
The wilderness spread round thee desolate!—
Yet sweet companionship it brings.

Vicissitude of peace:—low singings come
From minstrels in the warm, bright grass;
Soft in thy charmèd ear the wild bees hum
All day, and mild winds by thee pass.

And skies stoop o'er thee with as loving face,
  And feed with light and dews as kind,
As thy fair sisters nursed in gilded vase,
  In green-house, or in garden shrined.

Thine eyes by day look up as trustfully,
  And fold at night their lids to sleep,
In Him the Parent good of them and thee,
  Him who created, and will keep.

And, when thy summer date and toil is done,
  Thou droppest on the dank, cold plain;
Night voices hymn thy dirge at set of sun,
  Low telling thou shalt rise again.

And hence, free moving, thinking Man may know,
  What or where e'er his lot is thrown,
No spot so waste but can some beauty show,
  No heart so drear but holds some joy its own.

Teach him thy earthly lord, sweet flower, each year
  To feel his source, aim, end divine;
And fill as faithfully his higher sphere,
  As, lowly one, thou fillest thine.

THE DESERTED DWELLING.

Across the western uplands wild
I wandered once, a wayward child,
Ere while o'er glade and woodland brown,
The dusk of sober eve came down;
Sauntering and humming all the way,
What rare bright flowers my steps did stay,
Else, free as blew the harvest breeze
From posied knolls and grassy leas;
Till through the shrubby wold so wide,
A single house I spied.

The mansion looked so strange and lorn,
So lifeless, mute, and weather-worn,
It suited well that lonely place,
Far more than childhood's heart or face;
With curious stealth I ventured o'er
The threshold, through the swinging door,

With wary steps and watchful eye,
Half shrinking, yet unknowing why;
Till in the empty, echoing rooms
I stood as 'mong the tombs.

The grass grew on the rotting sill,
The cricket on the hearth sung shrill,
The chimney-stones grown o'er with mold
Stood blacked by fires long dead and cold,
Whose ashes lay as in an urn,
Speaking of things that ne'er return!
Long webs hung from the mouldering beams,
Where spiders drowsed their dull day dreams;—
But what and whence that sudden sound
That fills the place around!

Lo, up where streaks of skyey blue
The rent and ragged roof swam through,
Against the rafters, east and west,
A swallow band had built their nest;
Sole inmates fluttering restless there,
They found no foe, and feared no snare;

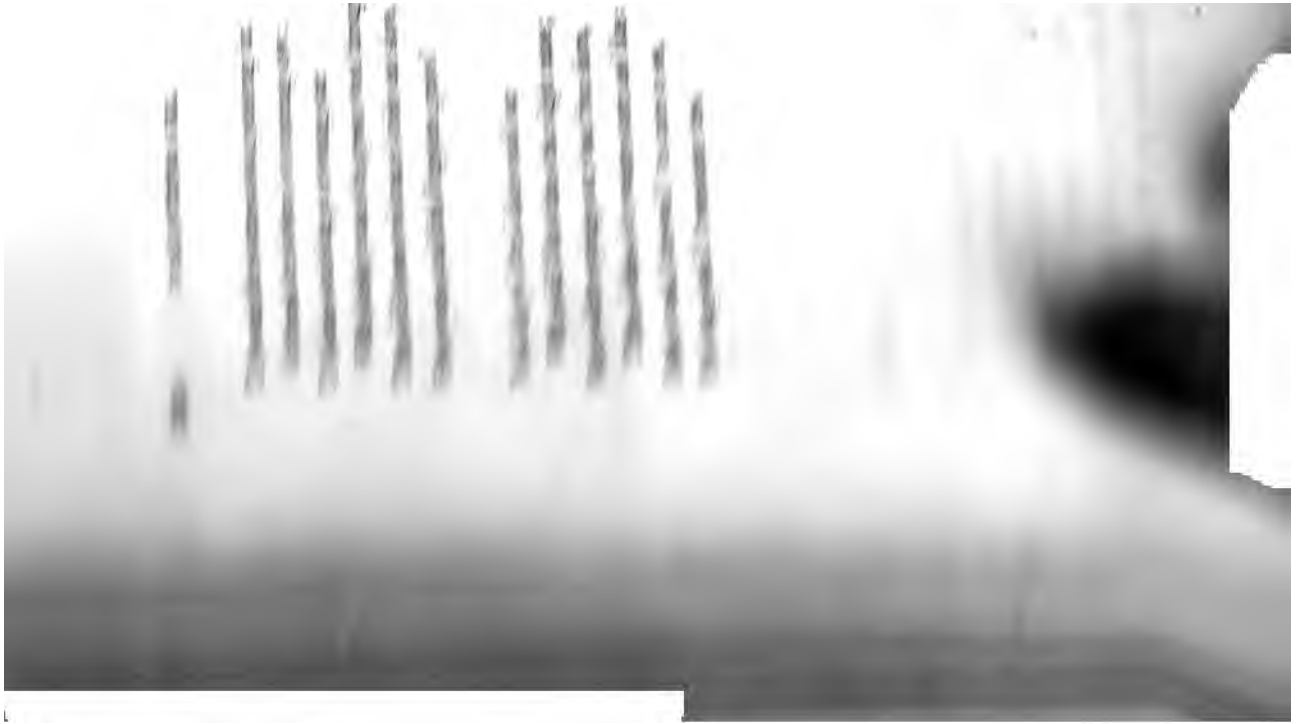
To watch the storm-cloud gathering far,
  Or track the fawn o'er morning dew;
To dance and sing at evening star
  With dusky mate the green wood through;
Then fall some red man's bride and slave,
Few years, and find forgotten grave!

No Lady of the Lake could oar
  With skill like thine that slight canoe;
But swifter springs our boat from shore,
  Thine fades o'er waters stern and blue:
Dark maid, farewell! no more to see,
Yet long shall I remember thee.

NIAGARA.

Great matchless Flood! thy thousand lakes and rivers
Here met, plunge down these awful mountain steeps;
How 'neath their Titan tramp the firm earth quivers,
And back with all her cliffs, astonished leaps!
Through heaven's dark halls the thunder wakes and sleeps,
The storm roused ocean raves, and rests his hour;
But no repose comes to thy troubled deeps,
Thou sleepless sentinel shouting from thy tower,
To earth and sky the voice of thy stupendous power.

Cities are gathering round thee, human hands
Thy savage beauty tame, to mold their own;
Yet firm thy rock seat, sure thy kingdom stands,
Thou reignest here chief monarch and alone.
Now yon fair hills the sun crowns like a throne,
Now sinks behind them in his shadowy fall,
And round his rest the tents of eve are strown,



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Now sinks behind them in his shadowy fall,
And round his rest the tents of eve are strown,

And night comes listening to thy sovereign call,
As erst through old dim years, from solemn forests tall.

I start from dreams, and hear the tempest roaring,
Shudders each roof-beam, harsh the window jars;
I rise, gaze out,—and the fair sky is pouring
The gentle light of all its glorious stars!
Sweet shine the orb of love and red haired Mars;
No wind! and up yon vast white tumbling sheet,
Hangs her faint bow the Moon unstained with bars,
And sees her trembling form beneath thy feet,
Seeming to list the tale thy waters aye repeat.

Wild dusky nations on thy shores have wandered,
And loved, and fought,—pale armies joined in fray;
And all have passed—and myriads come and pondered,
Who now are gone, or soon must go, as they!
Still roar and foam thy broad waves green and gray,
Still round thy misty brow the rainbows span,
No power shall hush thy voice, thy waters stay,
Telling thy strength how mightier far than man,
Till thy small task is wrought in God's unbounded plan.

NUMA AND EGERIA.

Ἴξον δὲ σπείος γλαφυρὸν θεὸς ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνήρ.
Odyss. B. 5, 194.

It was the olden, silent time,
Just Numa's long and warless reign,
When truth and worship banished crime,
Nor bought sweet peace with blood or pain;
Where by a shady grot a spring
Ran wimpling through a high dark grove,
Alone the wise and pious king
Would seek a nymph—no mortal love.

When eve, o'er Rome's wild landscapes falling,
Flushed wood and mountain darkly red,
And solemn trees Heaven's winds were calling,
The goddess came, with airy tread;
And all night's starry hours of sleeping,
Sat they communing side by side,—
One sweet and holy love-watch keeping,
The earthly man and heavenly bride.

She whispered in his trancèd ear,
Of glorious truths—mysterious things;
His sight to grander views made clear,
And lent his soul her seraph wings:
Her sister muses came and sang
Their warblings of unearthly word,
Such strains as touched no other tongue,
And erst few mortal ears had heard.

And men revered the sage who brought them
Pure draughts of wisdom's sweetest dew;
All in Egeria's name he taught them,
And ruled as none else, old or new:
To God and Faith rich fanes he builded,
Led men to feel the laws divine;
And love and awe that dark grove shielded,
The muses' hallowed ground and shrine.

And round the spot, as small first flowers
Came o'er the cool sward's mossy green,
And voices hymned the hidden Powers,
Who made their haunt that sylvan scene;
Each year in slowly solemn train,
High Priest and Vestal Maids would throng,
And pay their worship and their strain,
To sacred Faith and starry Song.

So sage and bard sublime of feeling,
  Will oft from strife retire alone,
To muse with Thought, high truths revealing
  From higher worlds to light their own:
And such the nymph coy Contemplation,
  Seeks every pure and pensive mind;
And her in holy meditation,
  His love, his Bride of Heaven, shall find.

JULIET.—VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

THOUGHT'ST thou of me?—Fear not the voice thou hearest;
Beyond the sun, the starry deep far o'er,
I've gained my home—I've found the lost and dearest:
No more—the heart knows grief or wrong no more!

Its tender bloom found all too harsh and chilling,
In that bleak world, and closed its leaves again;
Its sweetness nought of time could feel, and willing
It sought the skies ere aught of earth might stain.

Love was my Heaven, its first sweet star o'er shaded
By clouding fate just as it looked on earth;
Think not in earthly gloom its light hath faded,
In Heaven 'tis shining still, of heavenly birth.

My young heart saw its destined mate, and owned
him;
No power might blind, no other form could fill;
The noble, brave and beautiful—it throned him
My bosom's sovereign Lord thro' good and ill.

That heart stood faithful, still with strength unshaken,
'Neath hardest storms that fell to crush or fray;
Till by each kindred trust it held, forsaken,
It sought the *last*—there was no other way!

Our souls were *one*,—mine could not stay behind him,
His, given for Time and for Eternity;
His parting spirit called,—I went to find him,—
He stood, to ope the gates of bliss to me.

Now there from mutual eyes of undreamed glory
Communings full of truth and love we hold,
Where forms all light and beauty grow not hoary,
Joys still untried, affections never cold!

Hearts tried yet true in life, death may not sever;
True loves crossed there, join here but happier
hand:
So faithful live, wrong not thy soul, and never
Doubt thou thy birth-right in the better land.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

"He saw Heaven blossom with a new born light,
On which as on a glorious stranger gazed
The golden eyes of Night."

CRASHAW.

THOU breakest thy veil of light, lone star,
Woke from thy sweet day-dream;
Still following by dim wood far,
And 'long the meadow stream;
Still with me where I'm lonely wending,
And treasured fancies weave,
Over the dark red waters bending,
And the purple land of Eve.

Thou comest into the silent sky,
Like a love-thought in the mind,
Turning thy fair and friendly eye
On thy sister earth, so kind:

There high, thy pensive love-watch keeping,
Thou seem'st, bright one, to stay,
Some gentle beauteous mourner weeping
O'er the death-bed of the day.

Far on like bark or lost bird driven,
So like a living thing,
All sailless, wingless, yet mild Even
E'er faithfully following:
Art thou to earth thy secrets telling,
Unheard by mortal ear?
A world where human shapes are dwelling,
Or spirits' happier sphere?

Unknown!—but since the birth of Time
In yon unbounded field,
Thou hast toiled thy Master's task sublime,
Bright mystery, still unsealed!
That one fair page all climes and ages,
Have looked upon and read;
The high, the low, old seers and sages,
The great, the vanished dead.

What hearts have felt thy spell divine,
And words of passion told,
How many an eye all bright as thine,
Gazed, that hath long been cold!

Still shinest thou, sweet spot of union,
Where souls may meet as one ;
I look and seem to hold communion
With kindred spirits gone.

The dear ones Death away hath riven—
Kind Faith, their mansion tell !
Look they from shining heights of Heaven,
And know thy mysteries well ?
E'en now I hear a far sweet hymning,
I see them all appear,
Forms, looks before my vision swimming
Such as I loved them here.

This hour, how many eyes, mild star,
On thee deep musing pour ;
Perchance like me, kind friends afar,
Who soon will gaze no more ;
E'en now I hear the cold winds blowing
Over our graves so drear,
I see spring grass and wild flowers growing
As o'er lost ones year by year.

Farewell, sweet star, sunk down the west:
So sink we and forgot!
Thou 'lt rise and light my lonely rest,
Though all else mark it not:
Others will watch thee softly sinking,
As I have watched, sky-gem,
But will tender hearts of me be thinking,
As I have thought of them?

THE SPIRIT'S IDENTITY.

WHEN far in yonder silent sky
The soul another home shall find,
Looks then true Memory's pensive eye
On all she loved and left behind?

Or is this death a rayless night
Between the worlds of light and sin;
And the freed spirit left no sight,
No thought of what it once hath been?

Ah no! the ties which bound it here
Still round its love must hold their chain;
A nobler power in purer sphere,
Yet still its sameness must remain.

If Heaven our earthly state should hide,
And blot our passage thence from thought,
Our being's *self* no more had died,
If ne'er we'd been, or turned to naught!

Heart cannot hold despair so chill,
  Faith will not doubt, but fondly deem
There keeps the soul past feelings still,
  And scenes fresh as they first did seem.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE herald tongue of midnight tolls!
A year hath gone—one more, one more!
Adown the past it voiceless rolls
To join the thousands gone before.

Not dead—the year is living still,
Swift speeding as it first begun;
Not lost—its deeds fate cannot kill,
Their power endures while years shall run.

Not gone—'tis *we* are hastening past,
Its shores back-swimming from our eyes;
Still springs a new year, as the last
Upon our trembling vision dies.

Thus on, 'mid Nature's living tide,
Race crowding race, from life we fare,
The grave's dark gulf stands yawning wide,
And we like leaves are dropping there.

And fast to that dark goal we hie,
Like a chill night old age steals on,
Till sad we mark life's fading sky,
And wonder how its light hath gone.

So, as a sleeping waking dream,
Are all the scenes we wander o'er;
How long the journeying way we deem—
How moment-brief when 'tis no more!

Time dies not—old, yet hale and strong;—
His tracks are seen, his march is still;
Decay and Death he bears along,
Dread ministers who work his will.

Decay brings all to death, and strange!
Death gives a second birth to things;
Both are the toiling arms of Change,
Whence life in forms unnumbered springs.

And change is action: what were earth,
Did Death not toil, kind laborer, there?
A sluggish waste, a lifeless dearth,
A still-stand age, no thought could bear!

Each step we tread, each breath we've drawn,
Moves all the worlds, though thoughtless we;
A wave of power that pulses on,
Still working through eternity.

Nor less doth change her empire keep
O'er the wide universe of mind:
Each thought we utter ne'er shall sleep,
But stamp some image on mankind.

Ye, on thought's mountain-tops who stand,
May send down springs of bliss or woe,
To green or waste life's spirit-land,
And good or ill must ever flow!

Oh! be it ours such streams to send,
As feed the soul with wisdom clear;
So Time and Death shall stand our friend,
When we our course have finished here.

1840–1

MUSINGS.

WHAT simplest things can stir the soul in its own
mystic hour!
A sight, a taste, a scent, a sound—what spells of
mightiest power!
What sweet revivings of the gone, what scenes of
fancied bliss,
What sudden thoughts and feelings strange, as of a
life ere this!

When comes o'er summer field or hill a sweet gust
winnowing,
Or from its solitude unseen some hermit bird doth
sing;—
A piny wood, a distant mount, a water-fall can
move
All the soul's secret sympathies, its deep unuttered
love.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

From heaven the sun doth mildly pour
The spirit of peace and rest;
And the warm air broods the still earth o'er,
Like a dove her own sweet nest.

Ah! 'tis but the shadowy winding sheet
O'er the passing year's decay;
But soft as the fall of a seraph's feet,
The dying one steals away.

Like a calm bright eve ere a stormy night,
Her strength at its last faint hold,
Wan nature puts on a smile all bright,
Ere her face and her heart grows cold.

So death o'er his beauteous victim stays;
And the loved one with kindling eyes,
Cast up on her foe a last brief gaze,
Then gently sinks down and dies.

THE WEST WIND.

THOU comest, summer breeze,
With life and music on the air;
I trace thee thro' those tossing trees,
But where's thy dwelling—where?

Yon green maize slowly swings
To thee, and wide o'ershadowing come
The clouds, on gray and silver wings,
But neither is thy home.

Thou walk'st the dreaming lake,
And its dappled skies in bright rings flee,
Like tinkling coins the shore-waves break,
But they're no lodge for thee.

Go, visit the sick man pale,
And fan his fevered brain asleep,
Then haste and lift yon flagging sail
Along the weltering deep.

Go, kiss that flower-girl fair,
And blow her ringlets lovingly,
And suck her posies fresh, and bear
A sweeter balm to me.

Go to the window-sill
And softly touch the Æolian lyre,
Dwell o'er its plaintive chords, and thrill
My soul's with subtle fire.

Then wander where it please,
Thro' field, or dale or shady west;
The brooks and birds and humming bees
Will lull me soon to rest.

Blow thou at dawning light,
Blue noon, or ruddy evening by,
Or rove the starry woods at night—
Thou goest a mystery.

Yet gives yon glorious fire,
Mild wind, thy gentle being birth,
On wings of love that never tire,
Heaven's messenger to earth.

Thy home is all around,
Sweet summer child of light and air,
Like God's own presence, felt, ne'er found,
A Spirit everywhere!

TO —— SINGING.

Sing on, sing on, thou gentle maiden!
Those tender words, that sweet old strain,
Whence thoughts like star-winged birds rich laden
Flock from the past world home again.

All blessed things of yore come thronging,
Each grave of old with life new teems;
Bright fancies of the heart's young longing,
High visions of its morning dreams.

Deep memories cold and hushed are waking,
Fair scenes long vanished meet the eye;
One vista past and future breaking,
And shadowings of eternity.

The dead like shades from ruins hoary,
I see them rise a silent band;
And all I've been a strange, dim story,
Like moonlight o'er a mountain land.

I see them rise, the heroes olden,
Who gave Time's sybil-leaves their fame;
The great, the good, whose memory holden,
Stir noble hearts to win the same.

I see them rise, the dear departed,
Whom love hath missed and mourned so long;
The kind, the fair, the gentle-hearted,—
Ah, why so soon bróke ties so strong?

I hear their low and melting voices,
Like waves along a lonely shore;
And the listening spirit half rejoices,
Then starts, to feel—they'll come no more!

Then sing, fair maid! while soft thy fingers
Wake from the strings that winning spell;
So blest, the spirit fondly lingers
Mid scenes where else 'twere sad to dwell.

TO THE PIPING FROGS.

"Much yet remains unsung."

I hear your notes new breaking,
First prophets of the spring,
Ere the slumbering earth is waking,
Or the warm gale lifts its wing;
While the early birds are sleeping,
And the hills lie cold and brown,
Ere the first pale flower is peeping,
Or the bright rains glitter down.

When the land grows dim with shadows,
Ye sing from pools and streams,
Lone voices of the meadows,
Like sounds in vanished dreams;
Shrill through the deep air swelling
A strange and mystic chime,
As sybil Memory telling,
Tales of the olden time.

Wild Naiads of the waters,
Ye lull the songless night,
Where the wildered river loiters
In a deep trance darkly bright;
And the solemn woods hang listening,
While winds no breathing move,
And sleeps the starred air glistening
In its sabbath-rest of love.

When the brooding storm is lying
All grim in the western sky,
And clouds, like dark birds flying,
With a wailing shriek go by;
Clear o'er the misty mead-lands
Your mingling chant ye raise,
And the shadowy slopes and head-lands
Grow live with the thrilling lays.

So, lone ones, ye've been sounding
Thro' many a long dark year,
With Nature's wilds surrounding,
To none but Nature's ear;
Ere human accent cheerful
Rang through the gloomy wood,
And but brute echoes fearful
Broke earth's first solitude.

By Eden's green bank'd rivers,
When earth and time were young,
While slept the wild song-givers,
Life's infant birth ye sung:
When the deluge earth o'er climbing,
In its deep grave buried all,
Sole mourners, ye were chiming
A dirge o'er her funeral.

No more o'er hills and mountains
The sylvan Dryad sings,
The dwellers of her fountains
Are voiceless, vanished things;
Round shores of fabled story
Her Nereids haunt no more,
Yet from her wrecks of glory
Ye're singing as of yore.

Welcome! new joy still bringing,
Ye minstrels of all climes;
In Nature's halls aye singing,
Free singers of all times!
Nor vain—the fount unsealing
Whence thoughts like music rise,
Stirring the chords of feeling
In the soul's deep sympathies.

Year after year returning
  Gives many a sweet sound forth ;
Like heaven-drawn incense burning,
  They rise and pass from earth :
The harp its voice must keep not,
  Soon the bard's song-breath is o'er ;
But ye, night minstrels, sleep not,
  When these are heard no more.

WILLIMANTIC WATER.

Fair Willimantic! gentle stream!
In beauty winds your meadow'd way,
Still resting like a happy dream,
Still ever gliding far away.

The same bright river as of yore,
When down to drink the wild deer came,
Or red man roamed thy forest shore,
And called thee by thy sweet wild name.

And thou, old stream, art lovely still,
As when I played by thee a child,
When spring sat green on every hill,
And o'er thee wept bright clouds and smiled:

When angling by thy grassy rim,
I loitered out the westering sun,
Watching thy bright-scaled fishlings swim—
Hard sport! and snared them one by one;

Till evening wove her reddening vest,
And lay thy glassy waters dumb,
Holding the star'd sky in their breast;
Or rose the moon to guide me home.

How up and down thy morning wave
White fogs their nightly host outspread,
Till slow before the sun so brave,
The ghostly camp broke up and fled.

How, 'long thy meads the scythe I flung,
And weltered thro' the burning day;
Thy smooth green banks with windrows strung,
And snuffed the fragrant breathing hay.

Yet thou art changed! I list no more,
When'er the brewing storm is near,
Thy cataract's dim and distant roar
Borne thro' the heavy atmosphere.

The hand of Art hath worked thee wrong,
And bound thee slave to selfish trade;
Tamed is thy current free and strong,
And broke with wheels thy wild cascade.

Thou'rt changed!—the noisy bustling town
Hath risen from thy rocky side;
Now floods thy once green meadows drown,
Dull, dark and deep, thy waters glide.

Yet thee I'll think the same sweet stream,
And love thee for the olden day;
Still resting like a happy dream,
Still ever gliding far away!

THE CLOUDS.

LIGHT wing'd aerial voyagers!
How tranquil on ye sail,
Like troops of sylphs slow floating
In the west wind's gentle gale;
Or with white pinions folded,
Ye sleep on Heaven's calm breast,
When the languid breeze at noontide
Has lulled itself to rest.

Fair daughters of old Ocean,
With steps unseen ye climb
The crystal walls of ether,
To rove its fields sublime:
Shook from your ebon caskets,
Bright liquid gems ye shower,
And carpet earth's glad landscapes,
In robe of green and flower.

Ye weave a crimson canopy,
With fringe of braided gold,
Round Phœbus' flaming chariot,
To his hall of slumber rolled;
Or framed in eastern firmament,
With pearls dipt in his beams,
Your bridge the skies proud spanning,
In gaudy brilliance gleams.

Then gay romantic cities
On airy plains ye build,
Strange towers, and wizard castles,
Which the smiles of evening gild;
Their burnished spires and battlements
In gorgeous state arise,
Till the gale like conquerer coming,
The glittering pageant flies.

Not thus when darkly mustering,
Tempestuous strife ye wage,
And furious rolled through heaven,
In storming tumult rage;
Roused from your gloomy chambers,
Hoarse-throated thunders fly,
In their fiery cars hash rattling
Across the affrighted sky.

O'er earth and vexèd waters,
Swift messengers of wrath,
With fear and death ye traverse
Along your dismal path;
When the black and fell tornado
Bursts from your yawning caves,
Ploughs seas in mountain furrows,
And whelms the bark in waves.

When the wild night-storm is breaking,
Like spectre ships ye sweep,
In sable squadrons scudding
O'er the blue celestial deep;
While yon far watch-lights burning,
Through your dark-rent masses glare,
And faint the tempest-spirits sing
In the gusty midnight air.

But lo! when skies are purpled
With flush of virgin dawn,
All from your clear fields vanished,
Like fairy shapes ye're gone:
So earth's bright joys are fleeting,
So fade its glooms away,
Fit emblemed by your transientness,
Ye beings of a day!

THE HARVEST MOON.

Thou com'st, sweet traveler of the night,
With silent step and presence true,
O'er fair blue realms of starry light,
And fields of silvern dew.

Thin clouds around thy rising thrown,
Like blossoms ope and fall away,
And night's dark mantle lies o'er strown,
In all its rich array.

Along yon distant mountain-heads,
And every woodland's eastern side,
Thy smile a gracious fullness sheds,
As earth beheld her bride.

Now looketh forth that glorious face
Skyward as thou would'st mount above;
Yet stays each eve thy lingering pace,
As earth did win thy love.

So thou the shepherd boy of yore
Didst visit with thy sweetest beams,
And give his mountain slumbers more
Than earthly love or dreams.

O lone one! couldst thou once come near,
With all thy world of secret things,
Strange cities, highlands wild and drear,
Shapes walking or with wings!

And yet thou movest on thy way,
Far unapproachable and still,
Flooding with silent light the bay,
Or watching on the hill.

Full in thy light the corn-fields sleep,
Or wave their blades and rustling plumes,—
Rich fruits which warless hands shall reap,
Wealth of spring's whole perfumes.

And soon beneath thy broad lit dome,
Will happy voices come with song,
The husker's hymn of harvest home,
And nights serene and long.

THE SNOW BIRD.

The landscape is robed in a white frozen shroud,
The tempest of winter howls sullen and loud,
And shakes the bare trees as it whistles along
Where spring groves re-echoed the whippowill's song.

No longer the roses soft blushing are seen,
Nor flowerets bright mantled in raiments of green,
The tall aged oak murmurs sad on the hill,
And soft gushing fountains in slumber are still.

But hark! the wild snow-bird exultingly sings,
As o'er the bleak fields gaily chirping he springs,
Forsaken yet cheerful, content though alone,—
For all the sweet songsters of summer have flown.

Blest bird! forth thou roamest all reckless and free,
The cold wintry blast hath no terrors for thee;
While all things around thee with gloom are impressed,
No sadness e'er darkens thy own happy breast.

Then welcome, blithe stranger! still chant forth thy voice,
Teach my spirit, like thine, amid glooms to rejoice, ;
Enliven the desert, last bird of the year,
For brief is the day of thy pilgrimage here.

Fair spring soon shall finish drear winter's cold reign,
And spread out her blossoms in beauty again,
Bright Phœbus regain his meridian day,—
And thou with thy snow-wreaths must vanish away.

THE FAIRIES' MIGRATION.

Away! away! the moon shines bright,
And gilded skies serenely glow;
Through airy fields we take our flight,
Far o'er the slumbering world below.

We quit our once loved sylvan seat,
The shadowy vale and lonely glade,
Where oft with silvery voices sweet,
At balmy eve we danced and played.

We leave our wild enchanted bowers,
Arrayed in robes of fairest green,
The velvet lawns and beds of flowers,
Where we by day reposed unseen.

The summer 's past,—we go to find
Some clime beneath a happier sky,
Where winds are mild and seasons kind,
And spring's fair blossoms never die.

Where fields in verdant garb are dight,
And groves forever green appear;—
There songsters dwell with fond delight,
And revel through the blooming year.

On silken wings we swiftly speed,—
Our flight must end ere glimpse of day;
Then will we seek some emerald mead,
Embowered in wood-lands far away.

With mirth the hours we'll here beguile,
Along the dew-bespangled ground,
Beneath the pale moon's cloudless smile,
Sporting in circling mazes round.

But when drear winter's reign is o'er,
And flowerets gem each smiling plain,
Our former home we'll seek once more,
And wanton 'mong its bowers again.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY.

How fair the smoky morning light is falling
Along the many-colored wood;
And loud the mustering crows their mates are calling
Through fields of solitude.

Up climbs the sun, pale o'er the village sleeping,
Like bird with dewy folded wing,
And roof and spire in drowsy mist-light steeping,—
Heaven's soft breath slumbering.

In the warm East the sweet-tongued larks are springing,
Pouring their souls in childish glee,
While to each other earth and sky are singing
A last faint jubilee.

Yon dark pines rise like funeral mourners, keeping
The hush of breathless silence all,
Till soft winds touch, like tender memories sweeping,—
They sigh and bright drops fall.

How silvery floats the blue-bird's cheerful twitter,—
Then screams amain the jabbering jay :—
How bright by reedy banks rills lazily glitter,
Wimpling their leaf-chok'd way.

The forest far, the hilly landscape yonder,
Seem weltering in an airy sea ;
Heaven stoops, as whispering to the charmed world under
A love-tale winningly.

Thro' the blue haze the flocking clouds are driven,
Or halt along the upper deep,
To wonder o'er the things of earth and heaven,
Or dream them in their sleep.

Sing, children of the wood ! yet grief is stealing
Through all the blitheness of your song,
A secret pensiveness, as ye were feeling
Ye cannot tarry long !

Lo ! round the horizon's rim is darkly reaching
A dim funereal pall ;
Loud, low, or mute, streams, winds and woods are preaching,—
"So pass earth's loved ones all !"

Now westering stoops the sun, but fondly dallies
With things his spring-face loved so well;
Bare glades and timber-slopes and shaded vallies,—
They feel the year's farewell!

On hedge and cultured ground and opening meadow,
And brooding o'er the willowy stream,
Dwells the warm light, the air-shade of a shadow,
A spirit in its dream!

Prone to his rest the sickly sun is speeding,—
Long ray-streaks point his journey down,
Like golden roads by seraphs trod, far leading
To yon celestial town!

Gaze towards the pale wan glare dim windows glistening,
While sounds, as thro' an empty room,
Come strangely loud, and trees and all stand listening,
As those that wait their doom.

Now o'er brown ridges comes dark-mantled even,
Red shadowings wrap the waves to rest,
And, moored along the golden ports of heaven,
Yon fire-clouds line the west.

And hark! while rose-wing'd hours their leave are taking
Along the magic tinted hills,
Throbs the lone bell, the mellow air scarce breaking,
Like a last heart beat—then still!

Peace, calm sweet day! with dusky night now meeting;
Earth lulls beneath her starry tent;
So gently pass and meet with death, when fleeting,
Mine own life-day is spent!

TUSCALOOSA, ALA., Dec. 2, 1842.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

On yonder line of hill-tops white,
The late risen winter sun is peeping;
And broad in yellow-crimsoned light,
The land just stirs its long dull sleeping.

A dreamy torpor weighs all o'er;
Bright spires each eave and rock are fringing;
The frozen breath steams thick before,
And frost like hidden fire is singeing.

A hundred roofs now glint in gold,
And climbing smokes with blue sky mingle;
While through the still air keen and cold,
The distant sleigh-bells softly jingle.

And every sound rings sharp and clear,—
The drowsy cocks their morn-watch calling,
Kine faintly lowing far and near,
And now and then geese harshly squalling.

Spreads all around one field of snow,
A sea of silvery sparkles gleaming;
Caws from that copse the rousing crow,
And here the restless jay is screaming.

Adown the cliff the frozen rill,
Like stiffened snake, no more doth tumble;
The trees look dreary from the hill,
And the clogged mill forgets to rumble.

Now briskly plays the wood-man's axe,
From door-side and through forest ringing;
And merry school-boys beat their tracks;
And fowls by the warm barn are singing.

Now swells the cry of hunting hounds,
And rising winds the woods are shaking;
With hum of life the village sounds,
And half the sluggish folks are waking.

JANUARY 1, 1844.

TREES.

The sky is fair as a lake of swans, no shade its white clouds fling,
And earth is singing in her joy, and free is every thing:
We'll go and ramble through the fields, and breathe the breath of June,
And seat us 'neath the chesnut trees, and with their leaves commune.

We'll go and talk with rustling woods, tall pines and shady oaks,
The world's primeval people, those old familiar folks,
Still living and still speaking in that same olden tongue,
The tales that winds of thousand years from their thousand lips have wrung.

They teach us ancient oracles from Nature's hidden
scrolls;
Chanting sweet accents to our ears, deep lessons to
our souls;
They join old ages with the new, and tell their by-
gone lore,
They bring us solemn tidings from the vanished
world of yore.

And still each hour that primal speech with passing
Time they hold,
Lisp to the dews, chime to the rains, as in the days
of old;
And write the record of the years within their
storied rings,
And watch the cradle and the grave of man and
mortal things.

Old giants of the mountains, their cloudy peaks they
climb,
And nearer Heaven than aught of Earth uplift their
heads sublime,
To drink the first young gush of day, and bathe in
the golden west,
Hold converse with the starry skies, or dream in
solemn rest!

Up towering in their lordly strength, fed by the soil
and sun,
While through their veins, 'bove highest spring, the
subtle waters run;
And like that kind sage Titan old, they bring the fire
to man,
And draw its thunders on their heads and help him
all they can.

They yield him shade, and flower and fruit—yea,
all their harvest dower;
Their bodies for his life they give, and serve him
every hour;
They nurse their sweet-tongued children to cheer
his heart with song,
And bear him over land and wave in faithful arms
and strong.

They grow a social brotherwood, so calm and firm
and slow,
And kindly shield each other from shock or over-
throw;
Could we but read their history, and hear their con-
verse strange,
And know what silent sympathies each hour they
interchange!

They wear full meek their honors when hours of fortune feed,
And bear with heart bleak winter's storms, like strong men in their need ;
They bide their time of changeful lot, bearing its weal or woe,
With dignity and fortitude, which man were wise to show.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Sweet children of the meadow-land,
By sunny bank or hill,
How rock ye in the zephyrs bland,
And sleep when all is still!

What dress of loveliest green ye wear!
No spun or woven fold,
Yet monarchs own no robe so fair
Of silken woof and gold.

Communing with your sister flowers,
Ye know nor care nor sigh;
Born 'neath clear skies and summer hours,
With them ye shine and die.

Your food and life Heaven's full warm light
Which paints your tints so gay,
Ye miss when gone your parent's sight,
And ye no longer stay.

But, whispering to your slumbering dust,
Heaven calls you, and ye rise;
So rise and perfect shine the just,
Beneath unfading skies.

TO THE WHIPPOWILL.

LONE hermit bird of darksome hour,
Unheard, unseen by day,
What soul of song, what spell of power
Pours through thy melting lay!

When all the minstrels of the wood
Their latest songs have sung,
Thou giv'st the voiceless solitude
A sweet and tender tongue.

When day's last steps the hill-top leave,
And cot and field grow dim,
From shadowy wood at rest ye weave
Your old pathetic hymn.

That ancient hymn, and sung so long,
Since shadowy days of yore,
It comes like some forgotten song,
That wakes to life once more.

Welcome sweet bird! Spring's darling child!
No nymph of Grecian dream
E'er woke a chant more sweet and wild
From haunted shade or stream.

While moon and stars the valley fill
With soft and pensive light,
Still do those lonely echoes thrill
The solemn heart of night.

And when the tender night-queen smiles,
The dark tree-tops above,
So sweet the scene thy lay beguiles,
'Twould seem her song of love.

And when all earth's sweet voices fade,
Beneath some sacred grove,
Oh might my silent bed be made,
Thy song and heaven above!

TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

SMALL men and women blossoming,
  Types of a golden age,
Of Heaven's first children in their spring,
  And Eden's heritage!

Ye seem new-flown from some bright sphere,
  On earth awhile to play;
I hark your airy tones, and fear
  Ye thence might soar away.

Yet human shapes so fair, so young,
  Sweet grace untrained of art;
God's language fills each warbling tongue,
  His smile each face and heart.

And smiles on all your glad hearts shed,
  And love deny to none;
Here doubt no cold distrust hath bred,
  Undimed hope's morning sun.

Ye have not learned, 'tis all unwise
  Your whole sweet selves to show;
Untaught that prudence is disguise,
  Ye tell all truth ye know.

Pure ones! your feelings all unfeigned,
  Your souls untouched by Time,
Ye keep first innocence unstained,
  First simple faith sublime.

Such once the Holy Saviour blessed,
  Such we, if blessed must be;
And they are greatest, wisest, best,
  Who most resemble ye.

I fain would take you to my heart
  With full and strong caress;
So life's dry springs one gush might start
  Of former blessedness.

UNHEARD MUSIC.

This world hath many voices of joy and grief and fear,
And many more far sweeter which we may never hear.
No pulse, or stir, or motion, but wakes some kindred sound,
Lost in itself, or vanishing, in depth of distance drowned.

Were but our senses finer, what utterings every breath!
The whole wide earth one jubilee of life or dirge of death!
The universe an organ vast of endless pitch and tone,
Still night and day moved by the will of the Eternal One.

All Nature at her secret toil, accretions and decays,
Forever singeth as she works in all her myriad ways;
Flowers chant to one another—dews sing to tuneful grass,
Air-pulsings beat to the marching hours, though we hear no footsteps pass.

Each plant and tree and breathing form, all noiseless though they grow,
Their frames with finer pulse and spring in harmonies out-flow;
The rain-drops through the earth's veins deep, or when on misty wing
They mount far up the warm blue sky, their ceaseless carol sing.

What swarming worlds of living things are humming while we sleep,
Dim churm of strange unearthly tone throughout the sounding deep!
What chant of unseen atoms quick swimming the solar beams!
What waves of light e'er flowing on in swift melodious streams!

Fair primal Light! could we but list the purling of
thy springs,
Clear as we see thy thrilling touch give all their
hues to things,
When pours its gushing melody in the white flood of
day,
Or swell the coral harmonies that in the sunset play!

On some far shore of Heaven might we with ears
celestial stand,
And list to that immortal choir yon planetary band,
In thunder-chime, now loud, now low, as far or near
they run,
Still wind their music-march around their mighty
head, the Sun:

And catch the hymns of farther spheres now clearly
sounding by,
Now soft pathetic murmurings just gathered ere they
die,
Sweet as the last faint tones that breathe from closing
lips so dear,—
Oh might we know, ye glorious worlds, if souls
your music hear!

LIGHT.

Celestial Light! Immortal element!
Boundless and beautiful,—broad, deep, sublime;
The outflows of thy shining flood are sent
Beyond all scope of thought to sound or climb;
Revealer of all things of space and time,
Creator sole of motion, life and sense,
God's messenger—eternal effluence!

Bright presence, ever round us near or far,
Filling the depths of the expanding skies,
Beyond the circuit of the utmost star,—
Heaven's countless multitude to mortal eyes,
Weaving grand interchange of fall and rise,
Slumbering by day and journeying through the night,
Aye stemming thy vast deep forever calm and bright!

STANZAS.

THROUGH the sunshine after fallen showers,
  Cometh a trim and happy lass,
With her rosy hands among the flowers,
  And her small feet in the grass;
By meadowy banks where goeth a river
In the lull of its own sweet music ever.

And softly around her winds descending,
  Breathe in her ear their tenderest things;
And the loving sky stoops kindly bending,
  To woo with thousand visitings;
Unheeding all, yet sought of all—alone,
She singeth on her low sweet undertone.

TO A SINKING SHIP.

THE gallant bark plows on her way,
'Mid waves her tossed sides lashing,
Through the winds that howl for their fated prey,
And the fired sky o'er her crashing.

Still hard, like a strong man in despair,
She's struggling, heaving, straining;
Now staggers bare through the stormy glare,
While the foes on her strength are gaining.

Her wounded side through every pore
The gurgling sea is drinking,
And 'mid the gloom to her deep dark tomb
The gallant one is sinking.

Like a true-souled chief ye battled long
'Gainst the foes that gathered o'er ye;
Then vanquished sank, still battling strong,
On the field of your pride and glory.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

Sweet star, to visit me from thy far dwelling,
Looking my window thro' with eye so bright!
Couldst thou but send the thoughts my bosom swelling
To kindred ones with thy mild loving light!

Dark wind, that by my door so solemn speakest
In that grave voice a world of sad sweet things!
Thro' the wide land to every roof thou seekest,
Oh might'st thou waft my wishes on thy wings!

Short life! broad earth! how small and fixed our places;
How few the boldest, busiest feet explore;
What eyes of tenderest soul, what winning faces,
Meet, look, flit by us, and are seen no more!

What kindred hearts for fellowship are pining—
The known, the unknown, scattered far and wide;
They 've heard that wind, and mark'd yon bright friend shining,
My love 's with them wherever they abide.

Fair forms, fair souls, in town or cottage pleasant,
By shadowy wood, or vale, or mountain lone,
Could but like thought, our *person* be all-present!—
Fond dream of youth, which manhood loves to own.

How then might loving spirits meet and mingle,
Now never met, or soon to part in fear,
Mismated mourn, or seek, self-hermits single,
In Heaven communings which they find not here!

TO MY SOUL.

Voices grand, FOREVER! NEVER!
Soul, thy doom and duty call!
Earnest then be thine endeavor,
More than to redeem thy fall;
Labor! God's immortal lever,
Made and moves and measures all.

Let the work of Heaven's assigning
On thy front immortal shine:
Why should doubt or vain repining
Blanch a countenance divine;
When God's light is on thee shining,
And his universe is thine!

Soul, awake! God's trump is sending
Summons to the battle-field:
Evil hosts with Truth contending,
Claim the buckler, sword and shield:
Better fall, the Right defending,
Than survive thy *self* to yield!

Lo, comes on the storm of trial;
  Prove thy power and pedigree!
Fire from Heaven's avenging vial
  Falls on those who faint or flee;—
But on faith and self-denial
  Crowns of immortality.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

'Twas a wise faith meet and touching,
Of the manly Northern mind,
That in heaven to little children
Is the fitting task assigned,

Still to scatter the young blossoms,
Over earth by every thing,
As the springs returning season
Comes with beauteous visiting.

Stooping light from flowery pathways,
Strewed they hill and mead and plain;
Soft and guileless as the sun-clouds
Shed their offerings of rain.

And to all men toiling under,
Welcome came their gifts of love;
For like birds from sky-ward singing,
Brought they tidings from above:

Gladdening earth with blessed foretaste,
As her mortal hours went by,
Of that land where flowers unfading
Spring and bloom immortally.

SEEKING A NAME.

"Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris." Hor. Car. 8. 4.

Dost thou toil, poor heart, to win remembrance,
Shuddering at the thought,—'To be forgot?'
Showeth well such longing, thy resemblance
To the power that dieth not.

Seek'st thou hidden good,—Wealth, Honor, Beauty?
Then toil on, but wouldst thou not, in vain,
Seek them in the high, straight path of duty,
Else thy blessings prove thy bane.

Wealth hath lofty soul in dust degraded,
Honor wrought its own and other's scourge,
Beauty lured its child too far, and faded,
Early sung its own sad dirge.

Not within but through these, seek thy treasure,
Needful means to reach a nobler end;
And if wisely thou thy sphere wilt measure,
Means shall staff and passage lend.

What were every prize of thy ambition,
Had no lot but thine on earth been thrown?
Learn, the happiness of thy condition,
Springs and ends in love alone.

Love, than aught on earth, sublimer, greater,—
So shall hope be nigh, thy striving strong;
Ever present thy immortal nature,
Guide to right, and guard from wrong.

Could man climb the starry walls of heaven,
Read yon far worlds' glorious mysteries well,—
Joyless, vain, were all the knowledge given,
Could he none the story tell.

By what bond of sweet and subtile union,
Love all human hearts in one hath wrought,
Giving, asking sympathy, communion,
Mingling soul, exchanging thought!

Each thought uttered, acted, think thy spirit's
  Living seed for endless harvests sown;
Fruit of bliss or bale which man inherits,
  Reaps in years and worlds unknown.

In that higher life where thou art speeding,
  What were human fame from human wo?
Oh, what joy to view some bruised heart bleeding,
  Healed by fruits which thou didst sow!

What the joy to see thy fellow mortal,
  Happier made by toil and teachings thine,
Nobler, nearer those bright promised portals
  Of their destiny divine.

What though from the earth thy memory molder,
  There thy deeds—thy *self* will still live on;
Then take heart, and struggle purer, bolder,—
  These will work when thou art gone.

So shall grief nor grudge thy spirit canker,
  Pleasure dull, pride blind, nor power betray;
Strong heart thy bark, and trust in God thy anchor,
  Faith thy star to brighter day.

TIME AND TIDE.

By busy day, by dreaming night,
Post our fleet hours in soundless tread;
And still with viewless spade and light,
Gray Time is digging us a bed.

Death's quiver hides ten thousand darts,
Thick speeds their shapeless flight along,
Each marks a prey from human hearts,
The archer's arm is dim, but strong.

And oft and sudden at our side,
Our life-mates feel the silent blow,
Whose days seemed surest long to bide,—
Love's youngest, dearest—but they go!

And still the work goes wasting on,
Each moment ends some mortal's day,
And fast as we one breath have drawn,
Another gasps his own away.

Each moment is a courier sped,
  Bearing a blind, but sure decree;
Hours count their footsteps by the dead,
  Life's sand-glass for eternity.

Some sudden chance, some secret bane,
  Waits in our path to strike our doom;
Fate still new ways her last hath slain—
  The ways are countless to the tomb.

Earth still is sounding funeral tones,
  Borne faint to watchful Fancy's ear;
Sighs, wailings, shrieks and dying groans—
  Each wind their mournful messenger.

While pomp and pride hold revel there,
  Dark, yonder, winds the church-yard throng
And slow knells load the solemn air,
  While Pleasure trills her thoughtless song.

Sweet Nature! harp of varied strings,
  And tuned to notes of joy and pain,
Nor less than Mirth, sad Sorrow sings,
  Though deeper breaks the grieving strain.

For still each good some misery breeds,
As light a shadow ever nears,
Each throb of bliss, a bosom bleeds,
And smiles scarce number human tears.

But light from shade doth brighter grow,
And misery brings her good in turn;
So hearts must feel the pang of wo,
The thrill of purest joy to learn.

Then let not the blind soul repine,
At pain that makes her pleasure more,
Nor hope fear death, a dark drawn line,
That parts from this some brighter shore.

SONNETS.

REVERIES.

I.

Since first I met that radiant face,
And heard those lips of tenderest tone,
My soul as fill'd with God's rich grace,
New light unto itself hath grown;
Better the world without I've known,
And better learned the world within;
Life's joys and beauties round me strown
To choose, and shun its blight and sin;
To see all things a perfect whole,
And perfect each that fervently
Toils, hopes and loves, with heavenward soul,
Each hour more noble, pure and free;
Dear maiden, to thy charm I owe,
Such faith above, such joy below.

II.

Thou cam'st, sweet vision of my earliest dreaming,
With thy spring face and earnest loving eyes,
And voice of rich, mysterious melodies,
Thy bright hair from thy high pure forehead streaming;
And all things round thee seemed of Eden skies,
Steeped in the slumber of ambrosial air,
Through which young souls like burning perfumes rise,
And dream of all that's holy, great and fair:
Thee child of loveliness and grace of motion,
My spirit saw, and knew thee for its own,—
Touched with all feelings like a wakened ocean
Which a clear wind of morning hath o'erblown:
Thou'rt gone, and lone I walk a world of care,
Yet seek thee still, and find thee everywhere.

SPRING.—EVENING.

Hid all day long, the evening sun comes breaking
O'er waters and green hills of sweet spring time,
His bright descent to earth majestic making,—
So came Apollo in the world's first prime;

And every woodland haunt lends welcome chime,
And sky and wave soft images unfold,
Utterings that come with breathing of old rhyme,
Shapes love hath known or faith waits to behold;
Renews the present the departed old,
And still a fairer future promising;—
All emblemed by this sun which paints with gold
Sweet Nature's store of every beauteous thing:
So, love and faith and patient hope shall wake,
Robed in the glories which their blessings make.

SPRING.—MORNING.

Hail, blessed day! spring woods new robes are wearing,
Flung o'er them by the sunny breath of May;
Gardens and orchard grounds their blooms are bearing,
To the soft winds that drink their life away.
Hark to the birds and waters happily singing
In a love dream, where ridgy pinelands wave,
While in the distance sloping showers are bringing
Food for young flowers which late to earth they gave.

How sweet to sit watching sunlight and shadow,
Brooding, or passing o'er the green hill-side,
Brighter and darker 'long the cornfields wide,
Now 'cross the stream that veins the grassy meadow:
Look on the earth, the bright blue sky, and see
How life springs from and seeks its Deity!

TUSCALOOSA, April 26, 1843.

QUESTIONINGS.

I.

Where shall we find our lost ones? Vacant air
Fills where the beautiful once filled and moved:
New forms as noble come, yet none that wear
The look, the sameness of the once beloved.
Shall e'er the lost be found? O, when or where,
In the wide infinite of tide and things,
Shall aught bring back to longing sigh and prayer
The presence true of former vanishings?

Misgivings drear! The Silence saith—NO MORE
From the void deep; Time doth the old renew,
Not reproduce the old: O never more
Will the dead past return with sameness true,
But changed and bettered still Time rolleth on;
What gain to keep the dull round overgone?

II.

THEN meet we ne'er our lost ones? Faith serene
From thought's dim flights smiles YES with sweetest eyes,
Filled with the visioned Future, and her mien
Transfigured pours the light of Paradise,
Filling the soul with peace and living green,
And all its fears and longings turn to bliss;
Like sudden gush of distant melodies,
Or Eden-balm of loving heart's first kiss;
Grow all things plain,—no more we doubt or miss
The loved and lost, from sufferings then made pure:
Breaks light from higher worlds to lighten this,
Which caught, enduring strengthens to endure;
Future seen present wakes our hearts to song,
Their beatings whisper hope serene and strong.

FATE OF THE GIFTED.

THE souls of loftiest range sublime,
And finest frame of tenderness,
Meet none to own them in their time,
Their way apart, companionless;
(A mystery e'er misunderstood
By men of grosser mould and mood;)
Proving this truth so desolate,
The sentence stern of primal fate:
Who highest walks must walk alone,
Who knoweth most is most unknown,
And still in suffering sad must learn,
Not now the bliss for which they yearn;
Their meed for ages hence must wait,
Whose insight shall appreciate.

FRAGMENTS.

How clear and swift the streamlet leapeth,
  Forth gushing from its mountain spring,
But slow in dark dull mazes creepeth
  Anear its sea-goal lingering:

So the bright stream of Life runs speeding,
  Swift dashing through its young bright day,
But late with sluggish pace unheeding,
  In Time's vast deep to melt away.

The autumn hills are black with rain,
  And desolate winds fill all the sky,
And loud over wood and mountain and plain,
  Go sobbing with heart-breaks of sadness by:

Like wandering spirits to whom doth come
  No hope but the flush of a dimmest yearning;
Now pausing with press of sorrow dumb,
  Now wailing for what hath no more returning!

O'ER the deep woods the sun dropped down,
And the mountain's eastern side grew brown,—
And he gazed as he went the wild hills o'er
As sweet as in ages long before,
When day by day the wanderer viewed
Earth all one wide green solitude.

LIKE a sun-burst on a beezy hill
In a cloud-flying day of summer,
Oft the mind some long gone thought will thrill,
As sudden and sweet a comer.

EACH star that burned along the sky
Still haunted me like a spectre's eye ;
And every wind I heard to blow
Muttered a threatening tone of woe.

THE nightingale is singing
From the wild rose tree;
And the gentle hours are bringing
Sweet—sad thoughts to me!

TO MY VERSES.

Go forth, young travelers, and farewell! we part
  Offspring of Song, sweet Truth and Fancy's dower;
Nurslings of love, sweet children of the heart,
  My dear companions many a varying hour!
Go bear your first fruits in the world's wide mart,
  And sow your seeds in willing hearts to flower—
The seeds of Peace, Faith, Hope and loving Truth,
To cheer the old, or light the soul of youth.

Beauteous ye seemed to me in solitude,
  Though the world may not like your looks or store;
Toil on in trust, though strangers treat ye rude;—
  Go take your rank with others gone before.
Perchance some few your claims when kindly viewed,
  Will own, nor bear to spurn you from their door:
Some friends ye'll find whilom your worth to see,—
Methinks full well ye'll pay their charity!

Go forth! and be the good ye bring your fame;
  Seek out mankind, the humble, poor and low,
Greet kindly all, nor fear their slight nor blame;
  As God's pure light and air all things o'erflow.
Pr'thee, lisp ye to none your father's name;—
  To judge ye fair none should your lineage know:
Content to take his meed the good ye give,
And die by them forgot, so ye remembered live.

L'ENVOI.

Thou wilt scarce once think upon me,
  Never miss thy brother gone,
But I leave my blessing on thee,
  Bright and glorious, travel on!

NOTES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 39.

The charm of thy Sweet Saxon name.

The literal meaning of WINIFREDA is '*Peace-winning*;' from Gothic *Waen* or *Vaen* i. e. winning, winsome, charming, &c. From the same root comes the Latin *Venus*, the goddess of Beauty, the *charming* divinity.

NOTE 2, PAGE 54.

WEEKOLIS is the name the Indians gave to the bird we call the Whippo-will; a name which to their ears, as our name to ours, seems to represent the peculiar song of this solitary and poetical songster.

NOTE 3, PAGE 75.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, one of the first and noblest self-martyrs of the American Revolution, was born in Coventry, Conn. June 6th, 1755, and graduated at Yale College, in 1773, at the early age of eighteen. The news of the battle of Lexington roused him from the quiet of literary pursuits to take up arms for his country, and with the ardor of a patriot he forthwith entered the army as a volunteer. Early in the fall, (1775,) he received a Lieutenant's commission, and before the close of the year, a Captain's. After distinguishing himself by many acts of heroism, he crowned his short but glorious career by a death of devotion, which for moral sublimity may fitly be ranked with those of Leonidas, and Arnold and Sidney. After the defeat of the Americans, July 27th, 1776, and their retreat from Long Island, when the hope of the country, the star of *Independence* seemed going down in darkness, Gen. Washington became extremely anxious to learn the strength and disposition of the enemy by inspecting their camp. He applied to his bravest officers, but all declined

an undertaking so full of difficulty and peril. Capt. Hale accepted it, and against the remonstrances and entreaties of his friends, proceeded to execute the trust. Having disguised himself, he crossed over to Long Island, made his way to the British encampment, obtained the requisite information, and was just passing the last piquet guard between the lines of the two armies, when he was recognized by a tory refugee and betrayed. When taken and examined he candidly acknowledged his mission, and on being searched, the drawings of the works and camp, with *descriptions written in Latin*, were found between the soles of the pumps which he wore. He was taken before Sir William Howe, the British commander, who ordered him to be *hung the next morning*.

The following description of his death is from a memoir of Capt. Hale written by Mr. Babcock, for the Hale Monument Association.

"It was the 22d day of September, 1776. The sun had hardly risen when the young patriot is led forth to suffer. Every consolation is denied him,—a bible, a clergyman. No sympathy is shown,—not a friendly eye is around him to cheer,—not a kind hand is by him to soothe this last bitter moment. Yet he stands firm and collected. Man has forsaken, yet he has looked with his spirit to heaven, and thence gained strength and peace. He falls for a glorious cause, a cause which now seems expiring, but which Heaven shall yet prosper. The cause which his young soul had so nobly chosen, and his manly arm so well defended; for which he had been willing to hazard all, and is now prepared to suffer all. He had just finished a letter, the last messenger to his unconscious kindred, the loved to whom his spirit on the threshold of eternity is yearning, to whom it looks back to give a tender recognition, one fond farewell, ere it departs to return no more! But that sad, consoling messenger shall never find them—never meet those mournful eyes, nor assuage those wounded and bleeding hearts. The savage hangman, a traitor and refugee, snatches at it, glances over it, and tears it in pieces, for the reason, as afterwards given, '*that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness!*'

"The victim is now hurried to the fatal tree, the rope is adjusted, and the last aspiration is breathing from his lips—words nobler than which man never uttered,—'*My country, would I had another life to give thee!*' The work is done, and the spirit hath passed away in the fullness of that one earnest passionate regret! Thus fell, in the spring-time of his years, the patriot and martyr, the self-devoted, Capt. Nathan Hale, little more than twenty-one years of age. * * * * * * *

"No stone, no memorial—not a single identifying token, marks the lonely grave of Hale. The fatal tree has been cut away, the ground desecrated, the spot long lost. Years of cultivated verdure may have grown above it, years of human habitations may have covered it—none can tell. The footsteps of thoughtless men trample it day by day; the rains and dews descend, and the winds of heaven go over, but reveal not the resting-place of the departed hero. His ashes are hidden or scattered, never to be collected by any affectionate hand, and have left but the one consoling reflection, that the soil of freedom holds them,—the soil for which he lived and died."

PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENTS.

PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENTS.

INFINITY.

INFINITY is the quality of that which has no end [*infinis*=without limit,]—no boundary,—nothing beyond it. But this can be no quality of *matter*, for the chief quality, if not the very essence, of matter, is figure, or limited extension; and if any part of matter is bounded, then any aggregation or accumulation of it, must also be bounded. Whatever idea we attempt to form of infinite matter is the idea of a vast mass stationary, at rest. But this is only the idea of something limited,—and a limited infinity is a contradiction, an absurdity, a no-infinity. The only way we can conceive of infinity is by motion—a vast somewhat ever extending, finite at any given moment, infinite only *in prospecto*. Here we see that infinity can only belong to that which gives motion, which creates—to POWER, mind or intelligence. Power or intelligence absolute and ever acting, ever realizing and developing its attributes in matter, (or in the finite,) is the only possible Infinity. Such a power is GOD.

SYNTHESIS AND ANALYSIS.

SYNTHESIS and ANALYSIS=multiplication and division of numbers=the accumulation and dispersion of matter. The growth of animals and vegetables is the synthesis, and decay the analysis, of nature. These are the only two great modes or conditions of all created things,—the life and death of whatever we see.

THERE are three, and but three original principles in nature under which things can be viewed: Cause, Medium, and Effect; or Subject, (actor,) Object, (thing acted upon,) and the Action, (phenomenon, or what the actor does, singly or aided by the object.) This truth probably has given rise to the doctrine of the Trinity, from Plato to Christianity.

GOD, the First Cause, the Universal Intelligence, eternal and imperishable, is the *most certain* of all existences, because such a cause is the most necessary—indispensably necessary. Hence His existence is, in its very nature, impossible to be proved; for the truth brought to *prove*, must be clearer, plainer than the thing to be proved. But the thing to be proved is in this case the *one* and absolute truth, the plainest of all things. It cannot have proof, for it needs none; its existence is its proof, and its proof is its existence.

THE Ancient Philosophers *assumed* their principles, (causes,) or deduced them from logical rules, which rules themselves were either *wrong* or *deceptive*. They rarely followed to any sufficient extent the more modern mode of inducing principles from experiment (or knowledge of effects.) They rather hated the labor, or despised the certainty of experiments, and relied too much on the truth of original propositions. From these, they reasoned in general correctly, often admirably; but these propositions often needed proof, the definitions needed defining, the explanations explaining. The problem was wrong at the first step,—the building weak at the foundation, and all *above* was therefore unsound.

THE Schoolmen fenced up and entangled the fields of truth with useless definitions and subtle quibbles, instead of simplifying, widening and clearing them. They scattered so much rubbish in the paths of knowledge that it took (and is taking) ages to clear it away.

THE theory of Locke, that all our ideas spring from sensation and reflection, has given rise to a world of controversy; but this is chiefly a dispute about words; and it must be confessed that Locke did not sufficiently define his own. He probably meant, or *should* have meant no more by "sensation and reflection," than a *means*, not a *cause*. That sensation and reflection are the means, the

condition by which we gain ideas, no one can doubt, or will disprove by attempting to doubt. But that they cannot be a cause, nor even the *sole means*, any one who uses them must see. Light, or the sun, it is said, *causes* us to see. This may be a convenient mode of speaking, but not a safe or true mode of philosophizing. If there were no eyes, the light could cause no seeing; and if there were both light and eyes, there would be no seeing without mind. The mind is properly the true cause, as it is the final realizer; and light and the eyes are only *means* by and through which the mind realizes objects. So "sensation and reflection" are the means, modes, or ways whereby the mind acts in forming ideas. They are its *modus operandi* for thought. The truth is, sensation and reflection are not the *whole* history of ideas; something else, the true cause, the creator is wanting, which is Mind. The mind has innate powers: sensation and reflection is the awakening, the action of these powers; which action is started by a certain but unknown influence of outward objects on the mind;—and the realization of this action to *itself*, we call Ideas.

Axiom.—Whatever knows nothing about itself, can know nothing about any other thing.

A Bigot *should* always be a wise man, but unfortunately the contrary *must* be nearly always the case.

FREEDOM OF WILL.

THE great question about Freedom of Will, or freedom of the Mind in willing, is not whether there be absolute freedom, which reason and experience contradict; for freedom of willing is inseparable from, though not identical with, freedom of doing: for we cannot say, we have any freedom to will what we cannot do after willing. But we know our power of *doing* is limited, equally so must be our power of willing. It is true we may have power to do a given thing at the *time* of willing it, and circumstances beyond us may afterwards make it impossible to be done; but this does not affect the supposition or fact. The true query is, whether man has sufficient freedom in willing, or what amounts to the same, in acting, to fulfil the ends of his existence and destiny; to explain his responsibility and justify his punishment. That he has enough both consciousness and experience seem to attest.

OPINIONS.

IN all ages of the world, a few great men think, and the rest, the unthinking many, follow. The minority, and that often a single mind, actually rules: the majority rule during the short present, but the minority in the long future. What opinion now exists, be it ever so general or orthodox, that was not once the opinion of the minority, perhaps of a single great mind, and persecuted and derided by the tyrannical majority?

THE great error of judging the merit of men, of their characters and their works, is to judge them by one unchanging standard—our own. Human nature is *diversity in unity*; and this diversity is continually increasing, and the unit widening as the race progresses. The more savage the state, the nearer the individuals are alike—the fewer striking anomalies and prodigies of character. The more civilized or enlightened, the more of these. The very life and perfection of our mental and moral being is variety, personality, or individuality. The nearer men are alike, the more the parts blend with the mass,—the nearer they come to forming *one mind*—one great mind-monster, which is yet no *stronger* than one of its single parts. The farther minds diverge from each other, the more *sui generis* they are—the more full and outstanding becomes their individuality,—the greater the sum of human power.

BEAUTY is the realization or actualizing, in mind or matter, of Truth in a more or less faultless degree. The highest realization is perfection, which can never exist except as an ideal.

IGNORANCE is a more hopeful pupil than Prejudice. Instruction finds strength in the one's weakness, but weakness in the other's strength.

IMPERFECTION OF LANGUAGE.

Most of the improprieties and imperfections of words arise from confounding, or not accurately distinguishing, cause and effect. We may see this in logic and metaphysics, and hence much of the disputes and controversies. This confusion gave rise to the figure *metonomy*, the most common and most abused of all figures of speech: e. g. gray hairs for old age; the chair for chairman; the kettle (i. e. water) boils, &c. This defect of language arises from our weak and limited perceptions of things and of causes. Thus *death*=the end of life; i. e. an effect. This is the unpersonified, the passive death. But death also and often means the cause, the actor, whose effects we see: and this cause is what we mean when we personify death. The word *thought* not only means *thinking*, the active principle of mind, but also the *image* of the object thought of, i. e. the *idea*. So *heat* and *cold; light* and *darkness*. What do we mean by the word heat?—the sensation, or the cause of that sensation? Unfortunately for the philosophical correctness of language, it means both. We say a *hot day*, a *cold day*, a bright day, and a dark day. But what is a day? Abstractly, the time between sunrise and sunset, a measure of duration for so many hours. In reference to nature it is the term of continuance of visible objects during the given time, (from sun to sun.) But time or simple continuance can no more have the quality of heat or cold, than it can have color, form or solidity. But as heat and cold are the qualities of material, sensible ob-

jects, those whose duration the day measures, and which are seen during the day, we confound the one with the other; or rather perhaps for brevity and convenience, we call the day hot or cold instead of the objects themselves.

We are constantly in the most common expressions, confounding cause and effect; as, such a thing "is a joy, a sorrow, &c. to me." No, not the thing is the joy or sorrow, but the cause of that joy or sorrow, which are the effect. Such a style is often stronger and more poetical, but it is an unfortunate one for truth and philosophy.

What is Time? Strictly, the simple duration or continuous being of things. But the more common and incorrect sense is,—the *measure* of that duration.

COMPOUND WORDS.

It is a great excellence in any language that a noun can be used as an adjective:—hence single words are formed presenting more than one image or idea. This adds vastly to the energy and expressiveness, as well as to the poetic beauty of a language, which is so conspicuous in the Greek and German, and to some extent in English. In the latter language, although its parent, the Saxon, had a genius for compounding, and most of our compounds are of early Saxon growth, yet the practice is too much neglected. To this capability and its use the German is chiefly indebted for that "power of flashing many images on the mind at once," described by Coleridge.

ACTUAL AND IDEAL.

MAN is a being on the road to perfection:—hence by representing things simply as they *are* (now,) moralists cannot improve mankind; nay, they rather corrupt them. To produce any great reformation they must show things as they *should be*. Many tragedies, and most satires, depicting the vices and degradation of the human race, serve no good end; they merely indulge a morbid curiosity, or a diseased imagination, two handmaids and tempters of sin. Besides, what pure and sensible heart can love to dwell on human frailty and human sufferings, but to remove them? It feels already too keenly that such things do exist in a wicked and wretched world, and it constantly looks for a better state, a future improvement. Let then a noble ideal be presented to the man, towards which his longing and dissatisfied hope may gaze, and up to which his faltering, yet faith-strengthened steps may still struggle on.

IN youth the heart is sufficiently warm and passionate for love, but too much so for friendship. As time advances, our passions, like the shadows of the sun, are reversed; and in age, the heart is fitly sober and calm for friendship, but too cold for love.

MEN may have feelings too *strong*, and too sincere to be amiable, too earnest to trifle, and too honest to flatter.

FAITH AND REASON.

Faith and reason, like religion and philosophy, merge into one another. Faith is the primitive, reason the consequent. The highest certainty—intuitive knowledge, in the last analysis is simply faith, pure faith. We must first have faith before we can know—know reason—know anything. Faith that we exist faith that what we see is experience, that what we know is knowledge. Primal faith is right reason, pure knowledge—knowledge of ourselves, of something besides ourselves—of something eternal and infinite to produce the temporal and finite. We must have faith in our doubtings as much as in our believings—that we *can* and *do* doubt, that we *can* and *do* believe. The veriest skeptic, like the trusting believer, is and must be a child of faith. Faith and reason are a twin-unity, a two-fold harmony, acting and reacting upon each other, and existing in their purity only together. When divorced, the one ends in credulity and superstition, the other in coldness and skepticism.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Science is the discovery of that of which art is the application. The one is the *artist*, the other the laborer; the one the master, the other the servant; that is the commander, this the soldier; that plans, this practices. Science furnishes laws and materials, art brings particular rules and bodily hands to work them.

CRITICISM.

THE great fault of criticism is a one-sidedness, a *particular standard* or criterion, which must always be a narrow and unfair one. There is no greater error than always to judge *one* work by *another*, when the rarest and greatest works of genius are in the very quality of their excellence *sui generis*, and can only be estimated *by themselves*.

GREAT minds, pioneers of truth, have ever been, more or less, the martyrs or victims of their age. They are either misunderstood or misused. They never get their *earthly* reward, and they cannot. If they could, the *aim* of their *end*—the motive of their toil would lose its purity, its disinterestedness, its grandeur, and become selfish. Hence they have sowed, and others have reaped the harvest. But this very condition of things, the severity of their earthly trials, and the scantiness, often bitterness of their earthly reward, is the real spur of the few pure and noble truth-seekers, while it makes the many weak and selfish ones *timid* or *worldly*.

THE perfection of all powers operating at once, would make a perfect chaos.

KNOWLEDGE.

ALL knowledge tends to simplify or abridge itself, to bring our various ideas more as one, into the unit-form, and the true one in which all things and their real apperception exist. For truth, like virtue, goodness, justice, beauty, is *one*, and our different views of it, i. e. our ideas, are but so many as it were partial landscape-glimpses, or one-sided sights of the whole. To get the knowledge of a new mathematical theorem costs us many ideas; but when these are successively gone through, and the proposition is demonstrated, it then exists as a single idea,—even, too, after the successive ideas or steps we took to reach it, are forgotten. And this proposition is but one of many steps to some higher and more universal proposition, and so on up to the ultimate Unit-Truth. So it is with the laws of the physical and moral universe. Each simply by each, up towards one grand Law. Could we see all this earth at one view, all its variety would seem but parts of a whole, a unit; and the whole impression would be but one idea. Hence the Deity as he sees all the universe, all truth, *at once*, sees it as one, single, a unit, as it really exists; sees all things at any moment under one impression, and hence as a single IDEA.

LOVE AND RELIGION.

LOVE is a yearning for sympathy, a seeking for communion with some being to whom our affections can cling, and

call our own; with whom we may exchange ourselves,—give fellowship and find it. Religion is but an *extension*, and the highest extension, of love; love towards something infinite and eternal, which lives and never perishes, which wills and cannot fail, which is unutterably good and beautiful, yet fadeth not away. All the spirit loves on earth, it loses; all it seeks to embrace, ever flies away and is gone. It feels the lack, the need of something else to seek and to love; to look for that something beyond life, beyond the grave, beyond this world;—something more lovely and more enduring. This feeling, this anxious longing, is religion; its outward form or development, worship; its object, the Deity. It is but the phœnix-renovation, the uprising of the spirit towards Heaven, from the dust and ashes of its earthly love.

An evil deed can only injure the doer, how much soever it *seems* to injure others. We speak in an absolute sense. What harm another does to me, I have the power to disarm or even turn to my good; or it will be so either in time or eternity. For if we can be really and irremediably injured by another, we bear an evil of which we are perfectly innocent. But this would be an injustice, a violation of the laws of the moral universe, a *reproach* cast on God's providence, which is impossible.

Virtues are the lights, and vices the shades, of the landscape of the moral world.

THE only way finite beings *can* exist, is by origin from, their sole freedom, dependence upon, and their sole end, likeness and approach to, the *One* Infinite Being. For one Infinite must needs include all:—as the great Apostle truly says, "In HIM we live and move and have our being." Let then these conditions of existence be in fulfilment our duty, and this grand thought our support, our rest and consolation. The truth, vast and mysterious, yet sure and all satisfying, that our being, our personality, free-agency, destiny, our all,—all we *are* and hope to be, is nothing but *secondary*, derivative, a mere dependence; yet a dependence the best, and for *us* the only *real* independence—the only possible one in a *creature*, a limited agent;—a dependence glorious and unspeakably *secure*, as resting on a foundation which can never fail, an anchorage-ground that shall never give way, a Creator, an unlimited Power, an exhaustless Intelligence, an ever living, ever out-gushing Well-spring of life and action; making all things, moving all things, and realizing all things; a Fountain whose fullness knows no limit of height or depth, whose clearness reveals all imaginable beauty, whose sweetness sheds taste of all desired blessedness; a Power as *from* Himself creating, so shall *in* Himself ever preserve, in their conditions, every individual being with all integrity and completeness; beings ever to exist because ever existing, and by the only possible mode of existence,—in the mind of their Maker. These he shall preserve, the lowest as well as the highest, the feeblest no less than the strongest, the most minute and the most magnificent: and not only

without possible destruction or loss, but in ever fulfilling perfection, in ever advancing, never ceasing or regressing approach to their "being's end and aim"—the similitude of Himself, the imitation of his faultless IDEAL. This is the tendency of the universe—this the significance of all its meanings and mysteries—the answer to 'Why things *are*, or *as* they are?' To make things better, things were made at all. To make all things perfect, is the plan, the task of a God; (and to make them *so*, and to *make*, is with Him one, for thus he can only make them;)—to make them in His image, His transcript, the copy or bodying forth, of His attributes. But as the workman is eternal, so must be the work. As Infinity can only express His power, so Eternity can only measure His perfections—His creations. Perfection eternally accomplishing in being never accomplished, is the *one* destiny of all the numberless creatures which God holds in his bosom, in the unbounded scope of His creative will.

PHILOSOPHY AND PHILANTHROPY.

No one can be a real truth-seeker, without being also a philanthropist. 'Tis only with this feeling we shall view mankind as brethren, offspring of the same divine source, inheritors of the same great destiny. That we all come into the world to make ourselves and others better by living in it, and that as we raise the knowledge and happiness of those around us, just so far we raise our own. Our

inducements for this will be strong in proportion to the conviction of the destiny of our race. And how much assurance and gratulation do we receive not only from revelation but from inspecting the progress of man. Amid all the revolting scenes of history, there is the great truth, clear over all confusion—that sweet cheering word, "*onward.*" Empires have crumbled—governments gone down—nations been swept away, yet the footsteps of the *race* have ever been onward. The ruins of old systems have furnished materials for new ones, still fairer and stronger. Truth and freedom have been at times arrested by ignorance, and barbarism, and oppression, but only like a mighty river obstructed to gather secret strength to overleap the barriers, and bear themselves more mightily on. Apparent destruction and defeat, revolutions and changes have set mankind further onward than before. They were the very steps necessary for its advance. Who that looks at these things as a philosopher, can help feeling as a philanthropist? He cannot; he will strive to promote this glorious end, as his sole aim. He will strive for truth with his whole heart; for human rights in the firmness of fortitude, yet with the mildness of forbearance, in the spirit of forgiveness and charity. Not silently will he see a brother persecuted for freedom and integrity of thought, without daring to lift up his voice manfully and fearlessly—"*I think so too!*"—to stay with the firm resistance of reason the emissaries of bigoted ignorance set on to hunt down a reformer, their truest friend. His is that humane courage, the only true heroism, of a rational and

responsible being, remote from the savage daring and brutal ferocity which attacks to revenge, or opposes but to oppress. This is the unyielding firmness which *fears* to do what is *wrong*, and *dares* to do what is *right*, against all the laws of fashion and opinion, all the allurements of profit or power; bearing proudly up in its own consciousness of truth and right, against the weight of a world. Such is true courage, the heroic manfulness, the power of the unconquerable will, the mark of great minds—reformers, martyrs, heroes, in all ages and climes. The few noble and glorious spirits, the godlike on earth, the saviours of their species—beings of the present, yet actors for the future:

> The far deep minded,
> Who sought the weal of all mankind,
> And bore ingratitude time-blinded
> More meek because it was so blind.

Such a philanthropist will give up ambition, the love of a name,—will consent to be forgotten, supported by the cheering truth that what he does will never be lost. Actions are never lost, though the actor be unknown; thoughts ever live though the thinker sleep in utter forgetfulness. Names may perish, but thoughts, the sovereigns of the universe, are immortal; thoughts acted out by ourselves—thoughts uttered to and acted out by others, they go on forever with the race, living in the minds and deeds of mankind. Of how many thoughts, of how many departed, unremembered individuals, back to our first ancestor, is our being made up? Who might ever conjec-

ture! The humblest person who utters or acts a thought, will influence for good or ill, all mankind. Who then should care for fame? He leaves his personality, his immortality behind him, in his fellow beings, through his thoughts. And what though his name be unrecognized and unheard. Even that exists in the eternal mind and will be known hereafter. A true philanthropist then, will be willing to be forgotten even by the very beings he has benefitted; yet such a man shall be oftenest and longest remembered. His memory and record shall be built in the hearts and happiness of the whole race, in that letterless inscription—that most glorious of epitaphs, which silently tells the inquirer "*Si quæris monumentum circumspice.*"

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